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New Ways, Better Means?

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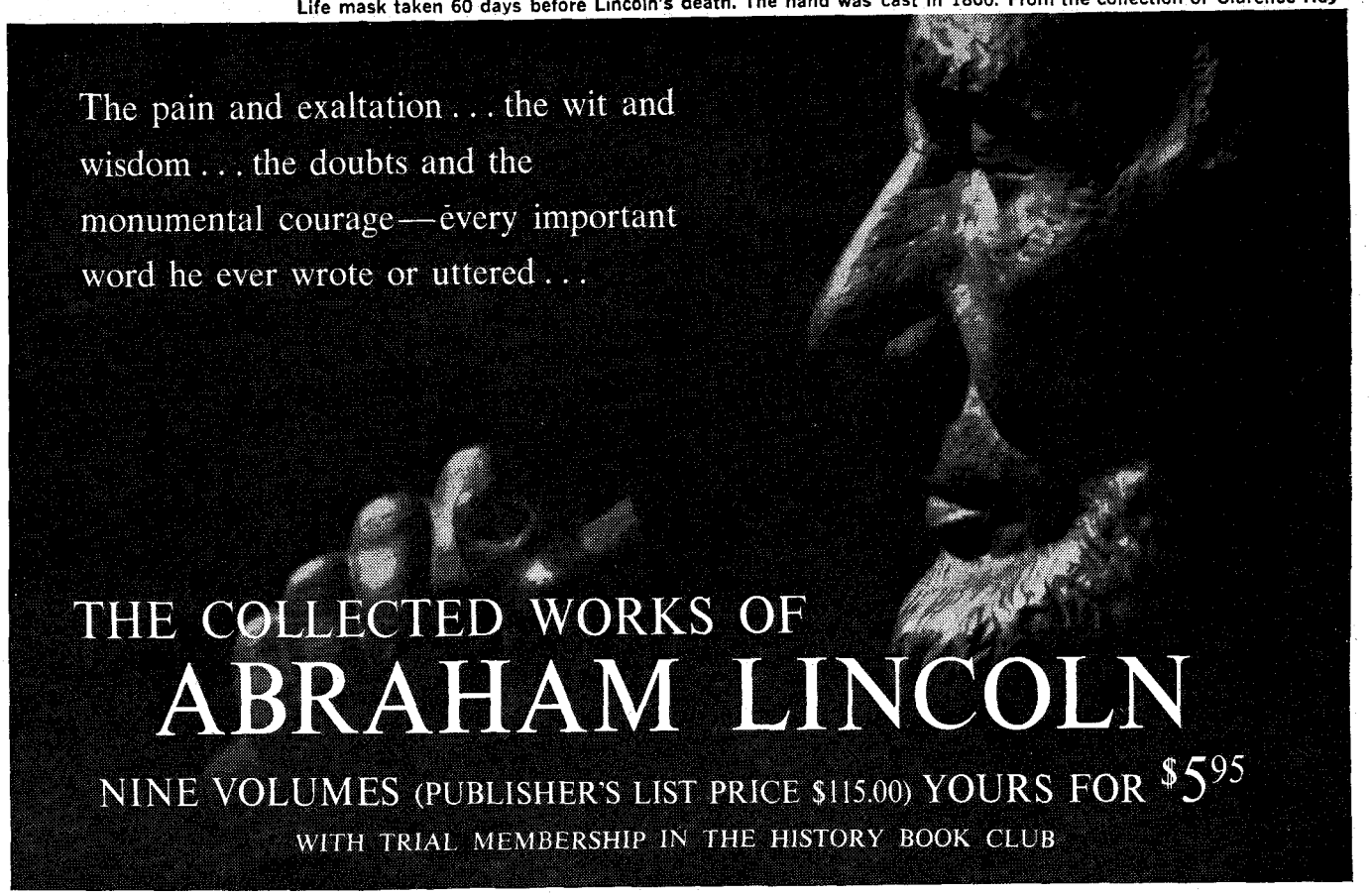
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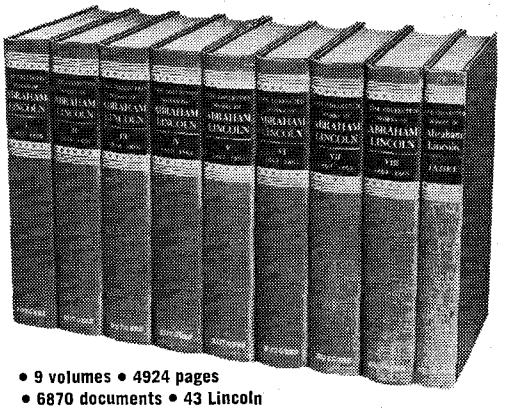

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TRB

from Washington
February 8, 1975

The Money Spigot

Sen. Paul Douglas once told William McChesney Martin, then chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, "I want you to write on your mirror, so that you can see it every morning when you shave, 'I am a creature of Congress!'" That same message is now going out from Congress to pipe-smoking Arthur Burns, the man who sits where Martin used to sit and who presides over the board that controls the money faucet; it decides by increasing or diminishing the flow of dollars whether the nation shall have tight or easy credit, whether when you buy a car, washing machine or house, you pay low or high interest rates.

If there was one thing that all witnesses agreed to at President Ford's famous "summit" conference in September, which Ford adviser Paul McCracken helped put together, it was that money was too "dear"; that the Fed was holding the credit-spigot too tight; and there is an even louder complaint in testimony being taken here now by Congress. It is coming from all sides and there is likely to be a showdown soon with the usual challenges to Dr. Burns' independent authority. In this dramatic confrontation between White House and Democratic Congress, with Mr. Ford unilaterally announcing a one-dollar-a-barrel tax on imported oil and the Democrats trying to cut him off at the pass, with legislation postponing the tax 90 days, there is a third party in the drama. He is low-voiced Dr. Burns with his rimless glasses and waterfall of white hair parted down the middle.

It was surprising to hear Paul McCracken urgently testifying about money supply last week—Nixon's former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers and friend of Mr. Ford. "Of the panel members," he said, "I probably would attach the most significance to the pursuit of the right monetary policy. The rate was entirely too restrictive in the second half of 1974 and really it helped set the stage for the current recession."

"Money supply" sounds terribly technical but isn't, really. It is step two, after cutting taxes. In the '30s Hoover couldn't bring himself to cut taxes with the budget in deficit. But Jack Kennedy did, with Walter Heller, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, and the result was spectacular; business revived, unemployment declined and the budget recovered. The Kennedy tax cut was $11 billion, or the equivalent of $26 billion in today's economy; Mr. Ford's proposed cuts come to only around $16 billion. They probably aren't enough. The recession has bitten deeper today and unemployment is 7.5 percent, compared to Kennedy's 5.2 percent. (Headlines will blazon "Eight Percent Unemployment" any day now.)

In short it's scary: the average worker ended 1974 with a drop of nearly three percent in what an hour of his work would buy, and we are in the fifth successive quarter of falling output and rising unemployment and the longest and most serious recession since the 1930s.

But it won't turn into a depression, very largely because of the safeguards we erected after the 1929 crash. There is social security today, and unemployment compensation, both of which were regarded skeptically at the time they were adopted. Your money is safe in the savings bank too because of the Banking Act of 1933. In the present crisis the negative income tax unexpectedly put a small foot in the door in Mr. Ford's proposal to pay everybody below a certain level $80 a year. That's not much for the jobless (about $1.50 a week) but the precedent is stunning.

A Gush of Red Ink

The new Ford budget shows a deficit for this fiscal year and the next of $80 billion or so, and ultimately it may reach $100 billion. His chief economic adviser, Treasury Secretary Simon, is already calling this "horrifying."

He's wrong. The recession is horrifying; the deficit isn't horrifying. A deficit isn't evil of itself, it's what you do with it. "Deficits can be dangerous; they can also be very healthy," says Gardner Ackley, economic adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. Big corporations don't pay off their debts, do they? As long as they grow, many corporations increase their debts: their assets match their obligations. Corporations and governments aren't like the heads of families. Take the evidence, for example, of conservative Herbert Stein, formerly top economist for Richard Nixon: "What is currently said about the way federal deficits crowd out private borrowing and investment is grossly exaggerated," he told Congress. He doesn't think the new Ford fiscal program goes far enough. "We should depend heavily on a substantial increase in the money supply to achieve recovery," he says; in other words, Dr. Burns.

I don't want to run the thing into the ground, but here is the comment of another moderate conservative, Philip Klutznick, of the Committee for Economic Development, a prestigious group of 200 businessmen and educators: "A much stronger net stimulus is needed," he says, "stronger by about $10 billion." The superb engine of the American economy is now limping along and producing $200 billion less in overall products than it can produce and so instead of a budget surplus of perhaps $25 billion we are getting a budget deficit of $40 to $50 billion. The faster we get out of the slump the faster we'll get out of the red ink.

And the stimulus here, after the Ford tax cut, should come from the Fed. "If the monetary rate is set too tightly," said Dr. McCracken, "you will then have a weak economy that cannot generate revenue."

The monetary rate has been set too tightly. During the past quarter the Fed was increasing money supply at a rate of only about three percent, which is a fine way to halt inflation but a stimulus to recession. Messrs. McCracken, Ackley and Charles Schultze, onetime Budget director, unanimously deplored it: they thought nine, 10 or even 12 percent would be more appropriate.

The Fed is a creature of Congress and yet, short of new legislation, it can defy Congress or President or both. Nevertheless, observed Schultze, "my impression has always been that the members and chairman of the Federal Reserve Board do read the political tea leaves."

He considered the matter thoughtfully. "Perhaps a fairly strong cup of tea might have to be brewed," he added.

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Embroiled In Oil

There's a method in the madness of President Ford's new energy program, a kind of computer logic that relies heavily on theory and very little on experience. One needn't look far to discover why it found a place in the administration's planning. Since taking office five months ago, the President has shown a strong dislike for bureaucracy and federal controls. He has spoken against wage and price limitations, gasoline rationing, intervention in school busing fights and against the general growth of federal power. He likes businessmen, small and large, and he's devoted to the free market philosophy. Mr. Ford believes that he governs best who governs least. But the nation has a problem this year, one that Ford himself compares with the crisis of World War II. In his state of the union address, the President indicated that the only difference is that today we are caught up in an economic rather than a military confrontation. "At stake is the future of the industrialized democracies," he said. If this is so, Ford faces a challenge even more difficult than the one faced by Franklin Roosevelt, for he must mobilize the country in peacetime, and — more difficult — he wants to do it without increasing the power of the federal government.

Ford's immediate goal is to reduce the volume of foreign oil imported into the United States, lessen vulnerability to the OPEC oil cartel and slow the drainage of US money to the Middle East. The US imports roughly seven million barrels of petroleum each day (about 1.3 million from Arab countries), and last year paid about $25 billion for the privilege. The cost will be higher still in 1975 unless something is done. Ford said unequivocally that he will reduce oil imports by one million barrels a day by the end of this year, and another million barrels by 1977. There are only two ways to prevent people from using too much of a necessary commodity like oil. One is to control the supply by distributing it from a central authority; the other is to raise the price. The second is considered by most economists the simpler method, though it has its drawbacks: much of the cost and all the sacrifice are borne by the poor. The President likes this simpler method of allocation, however, and that's why he wants to raise the average price of domestic oil from around $7.50 a barrel to $13 a barrel, and to impose a new two-dollar to three-dollar tax on foreign oil. His program includes a windfall tax to recover the new oil profits,

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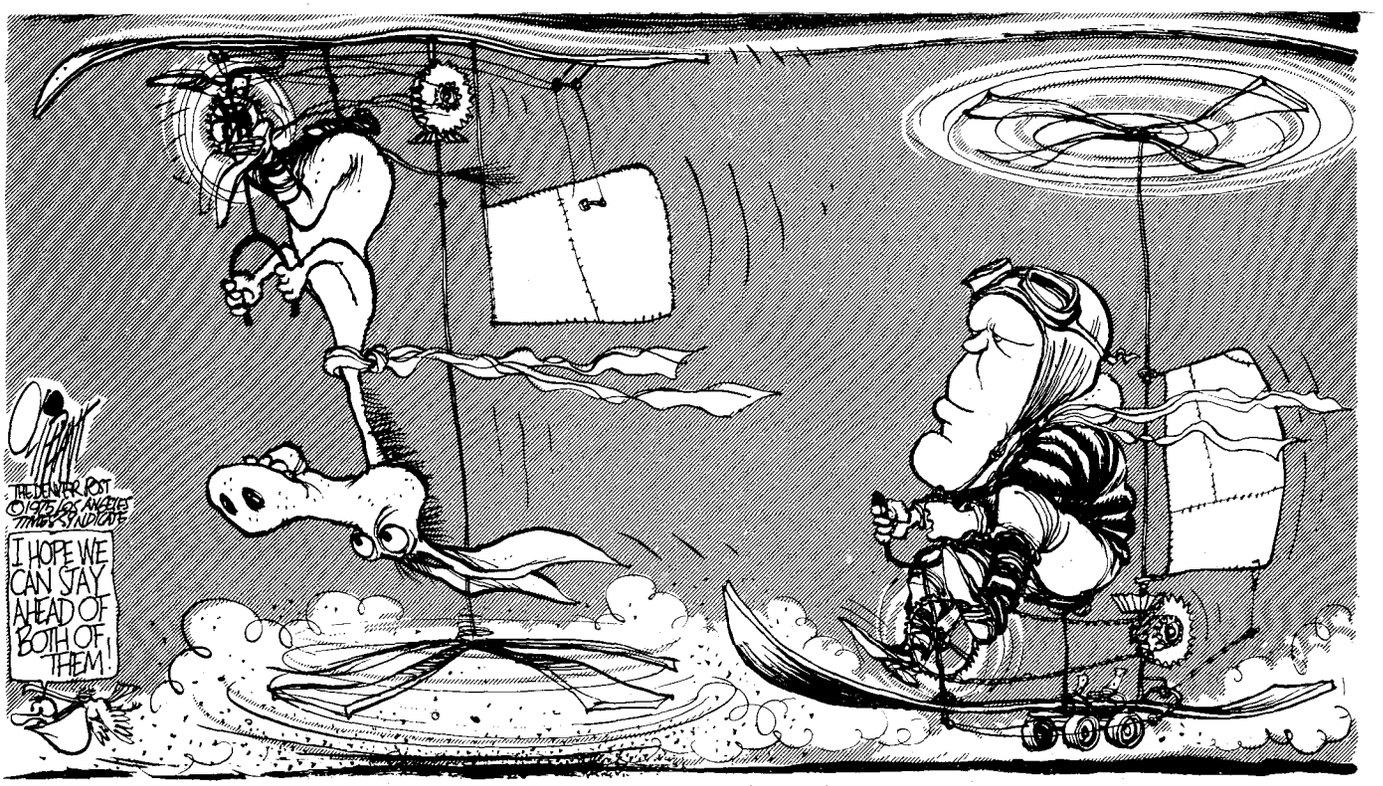
but no windfall tax on natural gas. The measure has already run into fire from the industry. The *Oil Daily* last week quoted Assistant Treasury Secretary Gerald Parsky as saying the original plan may later need some revision. And the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, Russell Long (D, La.), indicated he wouldn't favor the tax unless it allows for "plowback" — an exemption for companies that plow their profits back into domestic exploration for oil and gas. A loophole this big would make the tax virtually uncollectable.

In the event this free market scheme leaves the country as dependent as ever on the oil cartel, Ford has asked for "standby" power to ration fuel. In his state of the union message he said, "I am prepared to use presidential authority to limit imports as necessary to assure the success of this program." He told the press he would use rationing only in an emergency, but officials at the Federal Energy Administration concede that if the tax system doesn't reduce imports by the desired amount, then we will have volumetric cutbacks of imported oil and rationing of fuel. The officials don't expect this to happen, for they have great faith in the computer model on which Ford's program is based. It's conceivable, nonetheless, that a year from now under the Ford plan we could have both high prices and rationing.

These tax and price proposals hit Congress like scalding water. As Walter Pincus discusses in the article that follows, Democrats on the House Ways and Means Committee, showing a new vigor now that Wilbur Mills is no longer chairman, voted almost immediately to hold up Ford's program, including the import fee, for 90 days until Congress has had time to study it. Although the President can adopt import fees without interference from Congress, in this case Ford infuriated the House Democrats by barging ahead and signing the tariff into law on January 23 without consulting them. The shoddiness of this maneuver was later exposed when it was found that the President cannot act so impetuously unless he first finds a threat to national security and dispenses with the usual public hearings. A national security threat was dug up on January 23, the day the President officially instituted the import fee. At the same time, Treasury Secretary William Simon was dispatched to explain to Ways and Means that he'd actually discovered the threat two weeks earlier, and had the documents to prove it. It was an unconvincing performance.

Aware that Ford could veto anything they proposed and be upheld in the Senate, members of Ways and Means made a bold decision. They attached their 90-day delay to something they expected Ford wouldn't have the nerve to veto — the debt ceiling bill. Ford replied that he would veto it anyway, and that he would hold Congress responsible if no comprehensive energy plan were enacted this year. Meanwhile the governors of eight Northeastern states joined in a court suit to stop the import fee, arguing that it would impose inequitable burdens on New England, which relies heavily on imported oil.

There are many arguments against Ford's price increase plan, but the best is that it will not insulate the American economy from the capricious world oil market. It will enrich the energy establishment by allowing companies to charge whatever they can get for



The Democrats have a better idea

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natural gas; it will avoid putting a heavy burden on Detroit by spreading the new tax over all fuels, not fixing it solely on gasoline; and it will raise the living expenses for a family of four by about $345 a year (if you believe Ford) or $780 a year (according to the Library of Congress) or $810 a year (according to Sen. Henry Jackson). But the impact on the OPEC cartel will be negligible. One reason is that after the full energy plan is enacted, Ford intends to tax domestic and foreign oil at the same rate — two dollars a barrel. Because there will be no mechanism to prevent domestic oil from selling at the world monopoly price, a coastal refinery will have no incentive to buy from American producers rather than from foreigners. Second, by raising US prices to the world level, Ford will join the cartel. Cartel prices are controlled chiefly by Saudi Arabia because it has the greatest flexibility to raise or lower production, and thus to rule the monopoly. Whereas only 60 percent of American oil is priced at monopoly levels today, under the new plan *all* will be, and so will coal and gas. The entire energy market will be susceptible to price and production decisions made in the Persian Gulf.

An aide to Sen. Henry Jackson said he couldn't make sense of the program: "It's like cutting off your little finger to prove that you'll put your hand in the propeller. . . . It's an attempt to give evidence of America's willingness to mutilate itself if necessary." It may be "some kind of foreign policy message," he thought. Sens. Jackson, Kennedy, Stevenson and others are working on a Democratic response to the President's energy plan, and though they agree on general goals, they differ on specifics. Each will offer his own answer. Jackson, for example, would keep price controls, avoid new taxes, reduce imports gradually by executive action and allow the states to handle conservation however they wish. He would have the government give out contracts for new oil and gas exploration through a federal energy board that would not itself be involved in the production of fuel. He also likes Ford's plans to create a strategic oil reserve in salt domes and to provide federal aid for insulating houses. Sen. Stevenson, while he agrees with most of these ideas, would go further than Jackson. He would roll back oil prices and create a permanent federal energy company that *would* be directly involved in production. The difference is essentially a question of judgment. Jackson's view is that any proposal for direct federal involvement in oil will go nowhere in the Senate this year. He believes it will be difficult to get enough votes for the limited price controls and energy contracting board he proposes. The early signs indicate that he's right. Two weeks of canvassing have brought only 52 cosigners to the list of those who endorse the Jackson-Kennedy proposal to hold up the President's tariff for 90 days. It takes 67 votes to override a veto or break a filibuster in the Senate, and at the moment the votes aren't there.

New and Better Ways and Means?

For the past two weeks the most cogent public discussion of the nation's deepening economic recession and the complex tax and energy programs President Ford has proposed to deal with it has taken place in the cavernous chambers of the House Ways and Means Committee. Too bad the general public — other than the 250 persons for whom there are seats — could not witness the proceedings. Microphones and television cameras, though not newsmen, are barred from the hearing room by an old rule of the committee.

That rule is one the newly liberalized committee has yet to get around to revising, though several members tell me it was just an oversight in their rush to get on with hearings on the Ford program. That is believable. If there is one thing that's changed since Wilbur Mills was deposed it's the speed with which the committee acts. Mills dawdled, waiting 'til he knew he had the votes for a bill he could support. Under Chairman Al Ullman, Ways and Means is on a tight schedule, with hearings and mark-ups scheduled to get both an emergency tax measure and a rollback of the President's oil import fee to the House floor by mid-February, when members return from the Lincoln's birthday recess. We'll see if they deliver.

Though Mills is no longer chairman, the chairman, now Ullman of Oregon, is still the key man. It was he who responded to House leadership suggestions and came up with the early hearing schedules. It was Ullman also who on January 21 sent a letter to President Ford — without first checking with his colleagues — asking for a delay in the imposition of the first-step one dollar import fee. And it was Ullman who quickly agreed to House Majority Leader Tip O'Neill's suggestion that when the President refused a delay, the committee immediately take up legislation January 23 to roll back any presidential action on oil import fees for 90 days while Congress devises its own energy plan.

Despite Ullman's assertiveness, Ways and Means is far from an Ullman-dominated committee. Rep. William Green handled the rollback provision and Rep. Sam Gibbons came up with the motion to tie the rollback to the debt limit bill, thus making a presidential veto of the combined measure more difficult. Ullman, it should be stipulated, opposed the Gibbons proposal. When a voice vote was taken, Gibbons lost; but Gibbons requested a roll-call and won it by a single vote thanks to two proxies of absent members he had solicited. Ullman could have delayed the vote until some missing Republicans were rounded up, but he didn't. When the committee later voted on the final proposal containing the Gibbons plan, Ullman voted for it.

Congressional hearings and subsequent deliberations by the members are a vital part of the legislative

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process. Government witnesses can make the administration case and in their answers to questions attempt to rebut criticisms. Other witnesses shed additional light on complex issues before the committee. It's a process that goes on in dozens of Capitol Hill hearing rooms each day. Hearings educate legislators and sometimes affect votes. Quite often, however, the press fails to report fully on the proceedings and therefore the public learns little or nothing about them.

The Ways and Means hearings have been very instructive. During Treasury Secretary William Simon's appearances, Democratic congressmen sharply attacked the President's proposals. Rep. Green and others pressed Simon on a key technicality, the national security pretext under which the President imposed an import fee without first holding public hearings as required by the Trade Expansion Act. Simon responded that "the national security required an immediate determination." In a heated exchange Green declared, "this is a most inappropriate time to dispense with public hearings and notice on the grounds of national security." He made passing reference to Watergate. When the committee's ranking Republican, Rep. Herman Schneebeli, protested, the Philadelphia Democrat responded, "No, I'm not going to get off Watergate. These are both arbitrary actions by the President and in the name of national security."

In subsequent questioning of Simon and Federal Energy Administration chief Frank Zarb, it became clear that the administration had, in its haste, not determined adequately the impact Ford's proposals would have. Zarb, for example, was quick to tell the committee that some 400,000 jobs would be lost if rationing were imposed to cut immediately one million barrels of oil imports per day. But Zarb could not say how many jobs would be lost if that same one million barrel reduction came through the Ford program of increased import fees. That hadn't been studied. It subsequently turned out that the 400,000 figure came from the auto industry — and not from any credible government impact study.

Rep. Charles Rangel on January 23 asked Simon for figures on what the President's program of oil import fees plus deregulation of domestic oil and gas prices would mean in terms of increased costs to low-income families. Simon promised a quick reply. On January 27 the White House announced revised increased energy costs to an average family but as of January 28, Rangel had not gotten a reply to *his* question.

Another witness, Philip Klutznick, chairman of the research and policy committee of the prestigious big-business oriented Council for Economic Development, took shots both at the Ford tax proposals and the energy plan. Sharing the sentiments of liberal economists, Klutznick agreed that the administration seemed to be favoring upper-income families in its tax rebate plan and suggested such relief should be limited to those earning less than $15,000. He and others explained that in addition to rebates, tax relief should come in the form of reduced withholding — thus giving workers increased take-home pay each week. Joseph Pechman, a tax expert from the Brookings Institution, gave a compelling explanation of the need for some permanent tax relief, particularly for the poor. His reason: inflation has driven up the pay of lower income groups, but they end up with less because they're now in higher tax brackets.

Another Brookings economist, former Budget Director Charles Schultze, criticized President Ford for attaching his tax rebate program to the oil import fee. With the recession getting worse each day, Schultze urged the committee to get on with the economic boost that tax relief would stimulate, leaving the energy program to be dealt with later. Herbert Stein, Nixon's chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, forecast an extended period of high unemployment under the best of conditions, with an eight percent rate by spring and slow improvement to seven percent by the end of 1976. Stein doubted the Ford program is adequate to achieve even that small improvement in jobs. Ex-Treasury Undersecretary Paul Volcker criticized the Ford energy program for its inflationary impact and suggested as one partial alternative a horsepower tax on cars that hog gasoline.

Walter Heller, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under John Kennedy, stressed the dangers of the "sliding recession" of today and predicted unemployment could go to 8.5 percent. Heller agreed with others that tax cuts should not be made permanent. In two to three years a surplus in the federal budget may be needed to restrain inflation.

The advantages to the public in having such sessions open for TV and radio coverage are obvious. Without cameras in the room, the television network news shows have carried only limited stories on the Ways and Means hearings. Most often those stories are dominated by a statement from Chairman Ullman or others filmed outside the committee room after a session is concluded. Even with such filmed interviews, stories have little television news appeal. Thus for Rep. Green and his national security argument, television wasn't there. Had cameras been in the room when Green clashed with Treasury Secretary Simon and his GOP colleague Rep. Schneebeli, the item almost certainly would have made the news shows and the public would have become acquainted with the issue.

Television's lust for conflict and confrontation could have a negative effect on committee hearings. There's

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enough posturing already, and it could get worse. But I think that's a price worth paying for making public proceedings truly public. According to some Ways and Means members, it's likely that committee rules will soon be changed to permit lights and TV cameras.

Walter Pincus

An Exception to the Rule?

Keeping On Connally

Despite his indictment, former Treasury Secretary John B. Connally has held on to his position and security clearances as a member of the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board (PFIAB). The charges against the former Texas governor are two counts of accepting an illegal payment, one count of conspiracy to commit perjury and obstruct justice, and two counts of making a false declaration before a grand jury. Connally pleaded not guilty to all counts on August 9, 1974; his trial is set for March.

The PFIAB, which meets the first Thursday and Friday of every even-numbered month, is charged with advising "the President concerning the objectives, conduct, management and coordination of the various activities making up the overall national intelligence effort" and with conducting "a review and assessment of foreign intelligence and related activities in which the Central Intelligence Agency and other government departments and agencies are engaged." According to PFIAB Executive Secretary Wheaton Byers, Connally last attended a meeting in February 1974, and received the standard $200 plus expenses.

On April 17, 1973 President Nixon described his administration's policy on government service by indicted persons: "If any person in the Executive Branch or in the government is indicted by the grand jury, my policy will be to immediately suspend him. If he is convicted he will, of course, be automatically discharged." The policy was in effect until Nixon resigned. All indicted former members of the Nixon administration, with the exception of Connally, left their posts before their indictments. The policy might have been applied to Connally too had his indictment not come as Nixon's defense was collapsing at the end of July.

Deputy Presidential Press Secretary John W. Hushen confirms that President Ford knows of the Connally situation and has not done anything about it. Counsel to the President Philip W. Buchen expressed surprise when told that Connally was still on the PFIAB. Buchen told me that he knew of no established Ford policy on the matter and would check into it. Buchen later refused phone calls on the topic and his office would not say whether Buchen's checking had been completed.

Connally, unavailable for comment, has not returned several phone calls. His personal secretary in Houston confirms that he has not resigned from the PFIAB; she says any further comment would be inappropriate.

Because the PFIAB oversees the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), I've tried to determine what effect an indictment would have on the employment and security clearances of an agency employee. A CIA spokesman says that the agency has no policy on the matter because no CIA employee has ever been indicted while in the employ of the agency. The spokesman says that the CIA legal counsel's office has advised him that the action taken if an agency employee were indicted would depend on the nature of the crime. An indictment for vehicular homicide obviously would not be considered as serious as one for passing classified information to a foreign agent. The spokesman refuses to comment on what steps the CIA would take if an employee were indicted for perjury. Since confidence in a person's integrity is a prerequisite to the granting of a security clearance and since perjury and bribery indictments raise questions about Connally, his clearances should have been revoked and his membership on the intelligence board suspended pending the verdict in his trial.

Peter Peckarsky

Mr. Peckarsky reports from Washington for a Boston newspaper.

Five Applicants For Ford's Job

Sacramento

California is big and — politically — bustling. There is a plethora of activists looking for a '76 presidential candidate to support, and a passel of would-be candidates seeking backers. Presidential aspirants arrive, as five did at the Democratic state central committee (DSCC) meeting here January 24-26, seeking support. They got enough encouragement to buoy their spirits. But, for some reason, state Democrats are reluctant to make a final decision to sign up with one or another of the candidates.

"It's early," people on every side say. "Ford's a disaster. We have to find a winner." That may be so. But that's not the essence of the problem. The problem is that it's 1975, not 1967 or 1971 when people were looking for a man to oppose the politicians who got the country into, and persisted in, a messy, futile and immoral war in the rice paddies of Southeast Asia.

It's not so simple this year. Issues are less clearcut within the party. Ideological differences are difficult to sort out, especially on the gut economic issues. There's

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virtually no support any more among Democrats for a new involvement in Vietnam. The contest will turn on other matters. Candidates are vying to take on a chief executive perceived to be decent but incompetent. Alternatives to Ford's economic nostrums may be in the making but the feeling persists that the Democrats don't yet have a clearly superior program to push, and there's a mounting sense of urgency about that. To succeed a party contender for the presidential nomination must find a way to separate himself from the pack without arousing the fear that he's too off-beat to be elected.

The reception ex-Sen. Fred R. Harris of Oklahoma got is illustrative. This was an unruly convention. The sound system was good but the voices of the speakers hovered over a constant din, that is until Harris took the microphone. Speaking without notes, sounding like a voice off the Oklahoma plains in the days before oil, cattle and wheat made too many survivors of the dust bowl too rich to care, he grabbed for the gut emotions of the crowd. The issue is "privilege," he bellowed. "We want America to be a people's country and we want this country turned back to the people." The guy next to me quipped "he does get the blood stirring." Harris quieted the crowd and when he was through got a standing ovation. Afterward just about everybody thought Harris had stolen the show, but it appeared to me that few were willing to sign up in his grass roots campaign. Why? Because they doubt he's a winner. Harris isn't bothered by the doubts. He left Sacramento with a pile of pledge cards and headed for another round of coffees in southern California. Among fans the question is not whether he can win but whether he'll survive all that coffee.

Every candidate has his or her unique handicaps. Former Georgia Gov. Jimmy Carter's handicap is his Southern origins, a drawback in a party committed to civil rights. To many here he was a curiosity. He too left with recruits, included among them some members of the ultra-liberal California Democratic Council (CDC). One CDC member who signed up explained it this way: "He's from the South and he can hold Dixie against the Republicans. He's liberal enough for the North and West." But the CDC fellow had one reservation. "I'd like a little more fire in his speeches." Fat chance. Carter is a soft-spoken, Southern character. He's best at one-to-one campaigning, he's a very literate man (a nuclear engineer on the side) who grows peanuts in south Georgia. The din didn't subside when he spoke to the convention, reciting a liberal litany for those who cared to listen.

Between them Harris and Carter caused Arizona's Rep. Morris K. Udall (D) a lot of problems at Sacramento. Udall planned to distinguish himself by talking tough on the side of the environment but, compared to Harris' evangelism, his performance fell flat. His general strategy has been to come on as a liberal with a moderate style. Carter is preempting him at that. A lot of the delegates were to leave Sacramento convinced that they'll have to take a closer look at Udall, but his hopes of sewing up the party's left now that Sen. Walter F. Mondale of Minnesota is out of the picture aren't materializing as fast as some of his early backers had hoped.

If anyone was a victim of prejudice at Sacramento, it was Texas Sen. Lloyd Bentsen. Texans are not popular among California's liberals unless they've spent years struggling against the forces that controlled the party in Texas for years. Bentsen hasn't. He's made some progress transcending the past and he has with him some top-flight people. Joe Cerrell, the Los Angeles political consultant who worked in the 1960 Kennedy campaign and the 1968 and 1972 Humphrey campaigns has signed on; so has Morris Bernstein, a wealthy San Francisco businessman who was in the Robert Kennedy camp in 1968. Both have good connections and Bentsen is getting around California a lot. "It seems to me like he's out here all the time," one delegate who doesn't like Texans complained.

The fifth candidate at Sacramento was a surprise entry and he didn't do well for himself. Pennsylvania's Gov. Milton Shapp came bearing the complaints of Northeastern governors who look upon President Ford's three dollar-per-barrel oil tariff and his decontrol of "old" oil as, to quote Shapp, "a blueprint for economic disaster." Shapp told that to Ford at the White House but he doesn't think he and his fellow governors made any impact. He didn't have much impact of a fruitful sort here either. Shapp doesn't have a good voice for a large, unruly meeting and he droned on far longer than the time allotted to him. He didn't just bore the delegates, he annoyed them.

Since none of the five really electrified the crowd, talk turned to men who weren't there. Would Ted Kennedy or Ed Muskie eventually make the race? Where was Birch Bayh of Indiana? Bayh was a big hit at Sacramento in 1971 and spent months giving members of the state committee his personal attention. He made a lot of friends here and they're still loyal. A lot of commitments to other aspirants have been made on the condition that Bayh doesn't enter the race.

It took all the efforts of the liberal faction of the Democratic party in California with its army of volunteers to turn back Humphrey in the 1972 primary. Then, McGovern may have won only because Humphrey ran out of cash and couldn't use the San Francisco media market the way he should have. Northern California is where Humphrey lost the primary. It is still early but there's no sign the liberal faction is coalescing behind one candidate; in fact the signs all point to an incredible fragmentation just when Sen. Henry M. (Scoop) Jackson is putting together a solid base in this state. He passed up the Sacramento meeting, a decision that caused little comment here. Instead he went directly to Los Angeles

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where 1100 persons paid $250 a plate to hear him say it is time to stop financing the Thieu regime in South Vietnam and turn instead to solving this country's economic problems. If Jackson makes it all the way to the California primary next year, the liberal wing of the party had better pray for a high attrition rate among candidates in the early primaries or else liberals will be divided and he'll take the prize.

Paul R. Wieck

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by Herbert Gold

Chaos marks the boundaries of plan. A holding pattern brought the flight down late after a 6000-mile trip into the landfill of Idlewild, now called Kennedy; time was jerked awry, the weather was dirt and jungle outside, a destroyed air; but inside the terminal, within 20th century calming conditions, a clerk noted sweetly: "You have missed your connecting flight. Here is the voucher for a night in a hotel. You get a complimentary breakfast. The Travel-Rama bus should be picked up every half hour just outside Baggage."

Dog days in New York are hotter than any Middle Eastern desert. I stood there until the Travel-Rama bus came 'round to collect an Alitalia passenger and me. I thought of buying a newspaper, but decided to pick it up at my hotel. In the meantime I tried to explain things to the Alitalia passenger. Our only common language was shrugs and smiles. He kept showing me his ticket. Out of friendliness I showed him mine; we were committing transit together; but where would this get us?

The driver sang to himself as he snaked out the feeder roads, onto the highway, then off again almost immediately. I'll see Queens! I thought. It looked like Appalachia, rural frame houses, a refrigerator on a front porch, pickup trucks, but an Appalachia modernized, bisected and trisected by concrete ramps and highways. The driver was still singing. We were in an airport service area. This was Offramp Road. It was a *terrain vague* of wooden houses, ailanthus trees, the tree of heaven, which grows in the special warmth of poverty, vacant lots scattered with tires and supermarket carts, roads lined with pickups, houses framed by steel fences topped with barbed wire, and a steady heavy throb of freeway traffic all about. The driver sang about losing his baby. There was a sudden curve and grade in the road, and then the Travel-Rama Motor Lodge — blue plastic guard sheets on the outside windows, in case a playful passing freeway traveler should heave a beer missile toward the sleepers within. A smell of pulverized rubber in the air.

The driver interrupted his song to open the door.

Another bus pulled up at the same time — airline pilots in sweat-stained uniforms, gray-faced and silent stews, their smiling duties done. A stewardess stared into midspace. She didn't have to meet anyone's eye now. We were laying over together at the Travel-Rama, like bears in winter or bats in the day.

Swim in Our Lovely Pool, Shower First. Dine in Our Lovely Airport Room, Closed Temporarily. Hotshot Room, Convenient Mod Shopping. Pay in Advance, Some Charge Cards Accepted. A man tormented by afterthoughts had designed the advices at the desk. The candy and newspaper stand was shuttered over. I presented my voucher and received my key. "Wait," said the clerk.

"I left my bags at the terminal. I can find my room."

"Wait, you don't leave here without me." Clearly a man who received a room free of any charge could tip this person. But why did he dislike me already? I only wanted to get a shower fast, maybe use the pool. I had thought to offload my swimsuit — offload the action appropriate here in Airport Service land.

"Wait."

He let me carry my briefcase, but he toted the key. Our footsteps echoed in a poured concrete hall. The gray wear in the maroon carpet was like a meandering stream. He opened the door, switched on the air conditioner, and silently pointed to the pool outside, where a few wet towels were draped over pool furniture and a precipitate of smog lay like flaking lead on the water. He was performing the international gratuity ceremony. He paused, fingers curled like a discuss thrower's, until I found a dollar. A convention

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Mr. Gold's new novel is *Swiftie the Magician.*

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of roaches celebrated my arrival by lyrical scurryings. Because of my powerful will I succeeded in not ripping back the covers to look at the sheets. My guide's stately footsteps, receding, a procession of one, were unhurried by the whine of the unattended switchboard.

I decided to walk off my jet stiffness, the claustrophobia of a term in the Boeing 707 tube, and I could also find a *New York Times*. I would take the air of Queens like a gentleman on a lazy evening in a strange place, and complete my satisfactory griminess through exploration, and then bathe and read myself to sleep. Exotic is the traveler's quest; surprise his reward. First I telephoned my wife.

There was a murderer being sought near the airport where she would pick me up tomorrow. Roads blocked by troopers, panic among the summer houses. I was home from the Middle East to a state of American emergency. The killer only killed hippies — Harvard students, fishermen, hitchhikers with beards — because he hates dope fiends. He was described as a dangerous camper, an outdoorsman, ecology-minded, your typical contemporary all-American hero sadist.

The swimming pool outside my window was a laboratory for testing the power of evolutionary particles to mount the scale toward intelligence in a world of battling chlorine and scum. How long before the drifting oil slick and gnurrs of chimney ash would become sharks and hippos in this rich, unflushed nutriment? I decided to walk and shower and save the cooling dip for another time and place.

Downstairs the clerk gave me a silent hi, a raised hand in greeting. He was a man who knew how to wrest a dollar from an unwilling guest, and then how to forgive. "Where can I get *The New York Times?*" I asked.

"Johnny Carson's on pretty soon. You got the color TV in your room."

"I'd like to buy the *Times.*"

"Man, I wouldn't know in this neighborhood. Seven blocks this way, three that way, you might could buy the *News*, but I doubt it. I think the takeout's shut now. Johnny's got three broads for guests tonight."

This was New York, wasn't it? I couldn't believe in an absence of newspaper. The clerk returned to his NCR printouts. Conversation doesn't come with the territory. He closed down.

I seemed to be New York: Kennedy International Airport, New York. My soul was still partly in the Galilee desert, my mind mashing softly through time zones, but my body was at Deliver Out City, near Offramp Road in the State of Landfill, in the world of Airport Service. I headed out toward the heat and humidity of Laundry Central. Maybe the takeout would be open anyway.

In this peculiar state of travel psychopathy, the sweltering evening heat caused no distress. My clothes were soaked, bathe later. My mind buzzed; grow calm later. In an emergency, there was Johnny Carson for rapid relief. But I chose to let this stretch of Queens, bathed in its purplish twilight of late August, beckon me toward a *New York Times* at the end of a summer road someplace. I was amazed — probably wiser and more informed folks are not — at the black and Puerto Rican and white Appalachia under the freeway, the flaking wooden houses, HAULING DONE, Painting, Repair, Contracting, Subcontracting, All-Work, with utility trucks parked in driveways near signs that read: BAD DOG. The bad dogs lurched and lunged at their leashes to get at me, but I was protected by high steel fences topped by barbed wire. For me, New York has always been Manhattan. This was not Manhattan.

t the somewhat more main streets, there were stores without pedestrian customers, carry-away places — laundry for the airport, towels, bedding; pizza in warming ovens for elsewhere; Packing & Delivering; Speed-Transit; Computer Message Prompter — mysterious shops doing jobs out of my ken. They required pickups, not people; vans, not customers. No newsstand here. Motorcycles chugged by; this wasn't sport; sidecars, three wheels. Security Trailer Van lumbered past.

The sandwich place, called SANDWICH PLACE by an owner weary of pretense, had takeout roast beef sandwiches, on white only, for 55 cents, 60 cents with lettuce and tomato, 65 cents on French. The price was right, but I peeked at the slices of roast beef — pressed salami stumps. No *New York Times* here. Whenever I stopped, as I did in this shop, they interrupted what they were doing until I was gone. I was a stranger to the worlds of Deliver Out. Perhaps the seeker of the *Times* looked a little wild or nosy.

Wet legs of heat crawled up and down my spine. Laundry Central was getting the best of my curiosity. Let's handle intercontinental transoceanic claustrophobia and *New York Times* withdrawal pangs in some other way. I headed home to the Travel-Rama.

The Queens Retreat, half a block of red brick, stood behind a high wire fence interrupted by posts and an unguarded entry. Visitors and supplies, such as the daily *Times*, must be trucked in through this driveway. I also entered. Inside, visitors and a crowd of patients, black, brown and white, strolled the asphalt lot and the lobby. Some used piperack walkers, some drooled, one was vomiting, some had pants or gowns stained like diapers. There was a low chicken-coop rattle of loose lips finally getting the last word in discussions that may have begun 80 years before. The Queens Retreat, A Geriatric Residence, Facility of the City of New York. Only a doctor, a social worker, a close relative, or a man in strict pursuit of the *Times* after a few weeks cut off from American news would enter this place gladly. The long-haired attendants — Mark Spitz mustaches, graceful hips — seemed to rank me as a son come for visiting hours or to claim a body. They paid me no mind. A black woman in nurse's garb was feeding gruel to a toothless lady. "Now, now, move your mouth, just

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swallow, don't make me mop it up again, honey."

The nurse paused to meet my gaze. Why was I watching her?

"Is there a concession stand here?" I asked.

"You want some pop, honey?"

"I'd like to buy something."

"There's a place over there in the rec hall. I don't know if it's open so late, but I doubt it."

I may have been away, but I understood the American language. She didn't want to say no; she hoped I would find what my appetite craved. Longing and desire are great interpreters. It wasn't so much the Op-Ed page, the editorials, or the sports. It was the whole sense of America I longed for.

The concession stand was boarded up. A steel lock secured it against nighttime chow raids. I peeked into the two waste cans nearby — straws, paper cups, napkins, a sweet debris scattered with greenish disinfectant powder. There were also two large plastic bags, tied at the necks, but I didn't have the heart to open them and discover, perchance, all the recent news. Perhaps I was missing my treasure, but I feared to find only slop inside; not desirable at the end of a long voyage and a hot day. My faith in the circulation of *The New York Times* was diminished.

A huddle of arduous TV watchers on folding bridge chairs was busy studying a pattern of flickering gray electronic waves. This was another recreation room. They were masticating gums against gums. Maybe they too were waiting for Johnny Carson, and doing what they were told, but the channel seemed distraught. The watchers took it well. In due course some might adjust or repair. They were people ready for takeout, wrapped in the bags of their skin, softened by recycling and use. A woman in a white hospital smock, tied from behind, sprawled on her chair, legs extended, with markings on the thighs like those of old gas station road maps, blue veins tracing trips around the state. "Hey, hey," she said.

"What?"

"I got something for you," she said. She crooked her finger. I bent forward. She whispered in my ear.

"But I'm a married man," I said.

"You still looking for something?" asked the black nurse. She was carrying a bowl and spoon. In a few years she could help me, and the veins on my thighs might look like a road map of my travels, and I would be lucky to have her on my side. In the meantime, I only wanted a recent copy of the *Times*, not that half-eaten apple pie on a paper plate, with a white plastic spoon alongside, forgotten on a windowsill. Even the *New York Post Weekend* would do.

The induced madness of travel is well known, and experienced travelers expect to feel peculiar and do funny things. Traveling alone, like drinking alone, lays a man open to catastrophe. I could forgive myself a bit of wildness, but what was I doing in the Queens Retreat, brick and fiberboard, senile patients, when yesterday, or the day before, I had been strolling in Jerusalem, an ancient city, whose people were vibrating with life under the brilliant sun?

It was nearly dark on the street outside. A few cars cruised slowly with high-energy radios blaring New York capacities of howl and beat. I recognized the voice of Marvin Gaye, chanting "Let's get it on let's get it on let's get it on." If "experience is the mask of the adult," as a philosopher I read on the plane had put it—on that Boeing 707 that stopped in Athens and at Heathrow, where the El Al security guards with fists in their trenchcoat pockets had watched us very carefully—then the childish tourist that every traveler becomes was putting on another adult mask in this peculiar tidal landfill of Queens. The children were invisible. There were houses, dogs, men and women rocking in chairs behind their steel fences and their prowling animals, but the kids must have been tuned to the blue television lights glowing through air-oiled windows. A truck struggling against an upgrade on the freeway sent its word from elsewhere to this subtropical community. A woman in a doorway, watching me, used a fan, clicked it shut, went inside.

I gave up trying to find *The New York Times*.

I returned to the Travel-Rama, a shower, and the consolations of Johnny Carson. Perhaps I could glean the news of the world from his wonderful guests.

Up the incline to the hotel, the short-stop bus stood throbbing with its musical driver, and I had one more chance. I extended a dollar, saying "Buy me a *Times!*"

"No time, goddammit!" he shouted. "People got to catch their flights!"

He rolled by with a new cargo of Pan Am personnel, spick-and-span, groggy, ready for another leap into the time warp. Of course he wouldn't leave his bus unattended, mid-song, for a stupid request like that.

The singing driver's rejection, plus the heat and humidity, broke my proud spirit.

The water sizzled out of the pipes, chasing the roaches. I soaked in a solid stream. I sat for a moment, entertained by Johnny's wonderful, dynamite guests. Time changes finally snapped shut on me like a bamboo fan. Let the cat out of the bag. I slept like a child, plus nightmares.

At dawn the same destroyed sun, a fibrous mass of heat, had moved itself to another corner of the sky. I looked outside at the Travel-Rama pool, still covered with oily dust. I stood in the shower again with a dogday's pleasure of hair plastered over face by sheets of cold water. It was already over 80 degrees outside, heading fast for 90, 95. Soon I would have a newspaper, and be able to read about murder, tricks, wars, politics, deaths and destructions. I imagined a successful escape into the airport, and brushed my teeth, and saw me smiling at myself in the mirror. Another dangerous night as an American lived through.

The Hotshot Shoppe, Mod Rags, had its open sign on

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the door, but was closed.

The Airport Room, Dine in Style—"Try our Silver Dollar Pancake Breakfast"—was no longer serving breakfasts. "Stay for lunch," the desk clerk advised me. "There's a dynamite cheeseburger on the lunch."

"I'll go for a little walk," I told him.

I was up and out again, sure the *Times* awaited me someplace. My metabolism was fitted to a zone 6000 miles away. The sky was orange with the coming day's heat; the traffic was deep and welling like thickened blood on the highways; others were also up, carrying their burdens on the commute.

On the shaded street with its steel fences and bad dogs, the houses were quiet and I walked down the middle, as if it were a country road. Bugs, winged insects, hollyhocks in an alley, spectacular kitchen flowers—friendly country, stranger. Newspapers, rolled up and secured by rubber bands, had been thrown onto every front stoop, but they were neighborhood shopping papers, not what I had in mind. The offramp drive must have a corner candy store, in the New York style, with newspapers. Almost every block had a shopping cart abutting the curb at the corner sewer, abandoned by its hotrodding chauffeur, each with its sign REWARD: RETURN TO LUCKY MARKETS; and nobody greedy to collect the reward. Here, under the landing patterns of Kennedy and LaGuardia, everyone was inventing the wheel.

Down the block stood a rival to the Travel-Rama, the Truck Stop Motel, and I entered a long hallway where the desk clerk squatted in a wire cage, protected by convex mirrors overseeing all that happened in his domain. Within his wire cage there was a steel box desk. On the desk sat a legally licensed revolver. From behind the revolver he asked, "How long you want the room?"

"No, I just wondered if you have a . . ." I was distracted by a room clerk holding a pistol instead of a ball point in his hand. I pursued the matter, though by this time convinced of poor results. ". . . Newsstand."

In the hall young men were exchanging gossip, goods and pills.

"I'm looking for a paper."

The clerk stared. The men stared. One yawned, a great convulsive attack of the yawns. "What for?" the clerk asked.

"Well, I wanted one . . ."

"Maybe at the grocery," he said, hiking his head in the general direction of a mirror. "They got *La Prensa* there, call that a paper."

I didn't know where he thought the grocery with *La Prensa* might be, but if God willed, I would surely find it. Behind me, I heard a bony click from the jawjoints of the yawner. Business went on. The yawns are part of the deal. Anyone missing a bag or a shipment at Kennedy Airport can apply here.

I was safe on the street again.

Overnight, on the country road leading past the Queens Retreat, where those who would soon sleep forever still slept another night, the bluish leaves of the trees of heaven had flowered in August heat; new hollyhocks at doorways; the bad dogs were purring like cats near the signs reading Hauling, Repair, Subcontracting. There were leaves in the gutters and a friendly autumnal squish against my shoes. A tot was wheeling his tricycle down a driveway, and then suddenly, as if on signal—everyone had to get someplace by 8:00—three doors opened and three black men came out of different houses. They were dressed neatly in summer suits—pinstriped dacron, mod flimsy, a sporty jacket, two-colored shoes. They were wearing no downtown circus superfly drag. Working men. One had a thin mustache, one a goatee. They were preoccupied. The stocky man in dacron, with a medium Afro, saw me and smiled, or maybe he was only smiling his regular morning approval of his street. As he strode toward the Dodge pickup parked nearby, I smelled aftershave; a few drops of sweat were shining on his upper lip; I said good morning.

"Good morning,"—the courtliness of a school principal rewarding a good pupil. There was a tangled expanse of back-combed, natted-out black hair as he inclined his head. He was ready for his day.

He was carrying the newspaper that had been left at his door.

I returned to the Travel-Rama and picked up the shuttle bus that took me and a few airline personnel in blue uniforms back to Kennedy International. The driver sang. He worked long hours.

Between the abstract cool of travel and the hots of daily history, which are recorded and computed together in our minds, between the data of work and play and the notations of events in the *Times*, lies this gritty outland of Queens. Reality, really real—we have always known this—may not be red in tooth and claw, as Tennyson said about nature; but at least, in what we have made of nature, it has a snaggled incisor. The geriatric Queens Retreat, the hotel of junkie hoods, hijackers, fences and dealers, the uneasy repose at the Travel-Rama of pilots, stews and travelers who have missed their connections and don't speak the language, all coexist on the land of offramps with the handsome, cologne-wearing black man who drives a pickup to work. It seems ominous; it can also be comforting that secrets still breed in the ordinary ways. What distressed me once—*what? no* Times *here in Queens, New York?*—served to interrupt the slide of habit and, in fact, welcomed me home again. Even the layers of heat, dead air cooking against destroyed air, proved that we can survive in these spoiled latitudes almost as well as the cockroaches scurrying beneath the towels left poolside at the Travel-Rama.

While waiting for my flight, I bought the *Times* and sat at a counter amid the din of morning announcements on the loudspeaker system, enjoying my eggs, toast and jam in its little plastic space module, enjoying

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the news of wars, recessions, national political scandal, inflation, the Federal Reserve discount rate, obituaries. I found my wife's neighborhood murderer on the last page of the front section. You notice from reading *The New York Times* that the same people seem to die on the obituary page every day. Even if you've been away, the officially dead don't change very much—insurance company presidents, anesthesiologists, politicians.

Proving that Good Law Can be Good Politics

An Agenda for Edward Levi

by Anthony Lewis

Fifty years ago Mr. Justice Cardozo, that saintly figure in American law, called for the creation of a "ministry of justice." He had in mind a particular function, but at the end of his famous lecture he spoke in the broadest terms: "The law has its epochs of ebb and flow. One of the flood seasons is upon us. Men are insisting, as perhaps never before, that law shall be made true to its ideal of justice. Let us gather up the driftwood, and leave the waters pure."

Edward H. Levi is a lawyer sensitive to legal history, and Cardozo's words may have occurred to him as he awaits the Senate's approval to become Attorney General of the United States. He must know how deep a yearning there is in this country for a restoration of the ideals of law. And to a very considerable degree that yearning will focus on him.

Mr. Levi takes over a department that Richard Nixon probably wounded more deeply than any other. Nixon appointed four Attorneys General. The first stands convicted of five felonies. The second pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor. The third found he could not serve a lawless President. The last was an amiable primitive — he told reporters one day that "the Jewish intellectual" had been "very enamored of the Communist party" — without visible qualifications as lawyer or administrator.

After those terrible years, it would be natural for reformers to take up the cry, "Keep the Justice Department out of politics." In the partisan sense, that is of course true. To restore public faith, any new Attorney General would have to demonstrate a commitment against the politicization of law enforcement — against the use of prosecutorial power to harass political enemies, as John Mitchell and Robert Mardian used it, or for that matter as Attorneys General in Cold War days harassed unpopular groups. But to detach the department from politics in the large sense of that word would be, as an official from pre-Nixon days put it, "a disastrous reaction to Watergate." Only a strong Justice Department can give law the influence that it should have on the government of the most legalized society on earth. And the department can be strong only to the extent that it gets leadership from an Attorney General who has the confidence of the President.

There have been some experiments lately with a "nonpolitical" Justice Department, and they showed all too painfully the limitations of headless bureaucracy. Henry Petersen, a career man who rose to Assistant Attorney General in charge of the criminal division, was largely on his own in the Watergate investigation — and proved pathetically compliant with the wishes of a criminal President. Mr. Petersen had been a highly respected civil servant. The kindest view of his toadyism in Watergate is that the civil service does not prepare one to fight on the really important issues of policy and principle.

Another example occurred at the very beginning of the Ford administration. The new President wanted to avoid involvement in the prickly issue of the Nixon tapes and papers. Without getting the advice of the Justice Department, he sent a private lawyer he knew out to San Clemente to negotiate their transfer to Nixon's custody. At the same time he asked for an opinion of the Attorney General giving some color of legal basis to the transfer. Lawyers at the working level in the department well knew of the legal and public interest in continued access to the Nixon materials by, among others, the Watergate special prosecution force. But in its demoralized state, without responsible

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leadership, the department duly produced a shoddy opinion leaping glibly from the precedent of George Washington's taking home handwritten personal correspondence to the conclusion that Richard Nixon "owned" millions of official documents filed in the White House during his tenancy. An Attorney General of character and standing in the government would have insisted that any such opinion at least assure necessary access to the materials. He would also have been in a position to advise the President on the whole problem — saving him much grief in the process, since the agreement with Mr. Nixon was so embarrassingly one-sided that it led to lawsuits and legislation and was renounced eventually by Mr. Ford himself.

residential confidence in an Attorney General may be based on political or personal relationship or, alternatively, on his independent reputation for character and wisdom. Edward Levi, coming to the job from a university, as Harlan Stone did in 1924, without any political connections, must rely on the latter. The challenge for him, and the rare opportunity, is to show that good law — principled, enlightened, intellectually convincing — can also be good politics.

Opportunities abound. There is, for one, the whole tangle of problems raised by government intelligence activities in this country: wiretapping and break-ins and other surveillance methods, the jurisdiction of the Central Intelligence Agency and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. For years, and not only the Nixon years, administrations have had no rules on these matters, no rational policy. When investigators pressed hard enough for permission to do something unlawful or dubious, more than one Attorney General said yes. And the department has made a practice of defending in the courts whatever this agency or that had done. The result has been confusion inside the government, humiliating defeats in the courts and growing concern among the public. A strong Attorney General would long since have provided leadership in the drafting of regulations, and probably statutes, to define what can be done and by whom.

Elliot Richardson, a few weeks after conscience had led him to resign as Attorney General, listed some steps needed to "restore confidence" in the integrity of government after Watergate. The first was "more secure protection against the invasion of privacy." He suggested "the issuance of clear guidelines for the use of all forms of electronic surveillance." He added that, since the Supreme Court had already held that intelligence-gathering for domestic purposes was covered by constitutional restraints, his suggestion in practice meant "the adoption and publication of standards for the use of electronic surveillance" in aid of "foreign" intelligence. His deputy, William Ruckelshaus, was said to have a committee studying supersecret intelligence activities. At a minimum the Justice Department should publish regulations to assure official compliance with wiretap restrictions in the Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968.

Whatever the Rockefeller Commission and various congressional committees recommend now as a result of the flap over CIA activities, the need will remain for the Attorney General's leadership in the drafting of plain and public rules for official intelligence-gathering inside this country. In his Senate hearings Mr. Levi indicated a desire to do this, at least to cover his own department's activities.

"The Constitution should not be left to the Supreme Court," Justice Frankfurter used to say. He thought the executive branch, and especially its lawyers, should take responsibility for living within the rules — for the sake of its own morale as well as the citizen's rights. What commended that course to Justice Frankfurter was that it avoided reliance on courts to do democracy's work. Mr. Levi has sounded that theme in speeches. He will now have a chance to help make the political system work fairly without judicial intervention, in the area of intelligence methods and a dozen others.

Another subject that needs attention after Watergate is government secrecy. One of Elliot Richardson's proposed ways to restore public confidence was "assuring greater visibility for the exercise of power." He called for "more sympathetic administration of the Freedom of Information Act" and said he hoped the Justice Department would lead a government-wide study to that end — one that he had evidently planned before October 19,1973. In the fall of 1974 the Justice Department led the bureaucratic march on the White House that persuaded President Ford to veto modest amendments to the Freedom of Information Act: a veto promptly overridden. That change in one year is symbol enough of the department's loss of vision, not to mention common sense. The zeal for secrecy persists no matter how many wounds it inflicts on governments themselves. If Mr. Levi could cut back some of his predecessors' absurdly overblown claims of "executive privilege" against Congress, and introduce reason into the realm of classification and secrecy generally, he would be serving law and the President.

The examples mentioned so far have been chosen in part because they need not involve choices between what are called "liberal" and "conservative" attitudes. As Mr. Justice Powell showed in his compelling opinion for a unanimous Supreme Court in the national-security wiretapping case, the idea that government should live by the rules transcends such political distinction.

In addition to being the chief legal adviser to the President, the Attorney General these days administers a department of nearly 50,000 employees. In its programs, as in the general role of law in government, there is a need for renewal of leadership, commitment, confidence. The criticism heard from knowledgeable persons is not so much that the department has the wrong policy, in this or that program, but that it has

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none.

The Law Enforcement Assistance Administration is often criticized in those terms. In six years of existence it has given around four billion dollars to the states, an immense sum when measured by the resources available to local law enforcement. The authorizing statute, designed by Senate conservatives to minimize federal control, requires that money be given in block grants, weighted by state populations. LEAA, in short, has little to say about how its money is used. Of the limited funds usable at its own discretion, LEAA has spent $350,000 to set up an anti-pornographic center on the campus of California Lutheran College. Of the grants to states, a significant portion has gone for hardware: fancy communications, computers, guns, armored cars, even helicopters. The critics say that LEAA ought to make up its mind whether it is an attempt to elevate law enforcement standards or a mere subsidy program without standards. What have been the effects of LEAA aid? No one seems to be finding out. Are block grants useful? Should the federal government worry less about police hardware and do more research on the causes and cure of crime? The agency's authorization expires in 1976. Mr. Levi will have to do some hard thinking about what its future should be, and bring persons of stature into the LEAA to help him.

aw and order" has been exposed as a cynical political slogan, but the country still needs answers to the problem of growing crime. The Justice Department can exercise leadership through LEAA grants, and also through its decisions on pending proposals for a massive revised federal criminal code. The version previously endorsed by the department essentially rejects the view of some criminal law experts that police resources should be saved for more serious matters by paying less attention to "victimless crimes" such as gambling, many sex offenses and some drug uses; the code is generally conservative on capital punishment and other matters. Mr. Levi has shown himself to be generally conservative on issues of social order. But he might still want to raise questions about proposals that trouble some of the most respected thinkers in the field, men he knows are hardly soft on crime. He might have doubts in particular about the code's provision approaching an American equivalent of Britain's official secrets act, tightening restrictions on the use of "secret" information and giving officials new authority to declare it secret.

Then there is the large question of corrections policy. The free-speaking William Saxbe stated the opinion that rehabilitation was bunk as a purpose of imprisonment because it just did not happen. Some might agree, but what follows? Should we put fewer people in prison, or more? For longer terms or shorter? Public doubts about the uses of prisons have been intensified by the disparate treatment of Watergate offenders. The man who has charge of the federal prison system should stimulate some fresh thought on the subject.

The FBI has been a problem for Attorneys General for a generation. Essentially it is a problem of accountability. The bureau is theoretically a part of the Justice Department, subject to its rules, and in moments of difficulty J. Edgar Hoover always said that he was only doing what his masters had asked him to do. But in fact the Attorney General has had almost no control over the bureau's policy, methods or budget. The time may be right for an assertion of leadership. The bureau itself is said to be troubled and divided, as it adjusts to the post-Hoover era, and morale is hardly helped by the stories about its past abuses — the political spying for Lyndon Johnson, the files on congressmen. One of the real losses for the country in the turmoil of Watergate, perhaps the worst single one, was the decision of William Ruckelshaus to take only a temporary appointment to head the bureau; as director for a full term he could have had an important and beneficial impact on law enforcement. Clarence Kelley, who got the job, has seemed honorable enough but neither so "open" as he promised to be nor so forceful as is needed. Assuming that Mr. Kelley stays, Mr. Levi can still do much for the FBI. It is overdue for professional study of its use of resources. And the Attorney General could build esprit in the bureau, and at the same time responsibility, by publicly articulating its aims, its guidelines and its practices in difficult areas. The bureau would benefit from knowing clearly what it is meant to do, and so would the public.

Important questions of philosophy hang over other Justice Department activities. One is antitrust enforcement. Even those of us who salivate at the mention of the word monopoly may wonder about the relevance of the Sherman and Clayton Acts to the economics of 1975. In the age of the multinational corporation, with its ability to maneuver among the tax and regulatory laws of a dozen countries, what good are the Populist remedies of 1890 or 1914? When so much of American industry has brought us second-rate goods at steadily inflating prices, does it make any sense to act against what may be the most technically innovative large company, producing sharply improved products at lower prices: that is, IBM? Should those who worry about concentrated economic power devote less attention to traditional antitrust laws and more to reform of the Internal Revenue Code, especially as it affects multinational operations? Should the Justice Department relax its rather grudging attitude toward the growth of consumer and environmental law, recognizing that private litigation and new regulatory activities may wisely allow decentralized legal responses to new problems? The questions again are numerous. It may even be time for a new formal study of antitrust attitudes. But in any event the subject cries out for an articulated policy.

Civil rights enforcement poses even more profound

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questions. The Justice Department, which was once at the center of the fight for racial justice, now seems somewhere out in the margin. On the most important pending issue, the turbulent effort to desegregate the Boston school system, the department provides no visible leadership. Of course the questions are harder than they seemed at Little Rock, the answers less clear politically. But the problem of race remains central to the country's future. There is a desperate need for fresh analysis in terms of law and social action, and the Attorney General should be a force in turning the federal government to the task.

ne area where depoliticization is in order is appointments. With law enforcement as difficult and sophisticated a problem as it has become, it is an anachronism that the US attorneys around the country should still be political appointees, reshuffled at every change of party. The Senate Judiciary Committee may well be ready for a professional system if an Attorney General makes the case. More difficult, but important, is the role of politics in judicial appointments. Senators have largely taken over the job of picking federal judges, the Constitution notwithstanding, and will not easily give up the power. But what good does it do a Lowell Weicker to push ferociously for an appointment as grotesquely unsuitable as that of Thomas Meskill, a politician with virtually no legal experience, to the Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit? Elliot Richardson spoke of encouraging senators to develop a larger and less political pool of candidates from which nominees could be chosen, and some such idea should be pushed.

The list of problem areas at Justice could go on. The Immigration and Naturalization Service is overwhelmed, its tactics and standards in doubt, the philosophy of immigration control ready for reexamination. The Drug Enforcement Administration arouses sharp controversy. . . .

The urgent questions are so many that one necessity for the new Attorney General must be a sense of priorities. The Justice Department cannot do everything at once any more than other institutions. Elliot Richardson had begun to set up a mechanism to fix priorities and allot the department's resources. Whether such a management scheme is desirable or not, Mr. Levi will have to be clear in his own mind, and make clear to others, what he wants to do first.

Beyond the particular department responsibilities there is a question of mood. After Watergate the country is deeply suspicious of government. What it will respond to is evidence that officials are ready to stop defending every mistake and insisting on every bureaucratic advantage — ready, in short, to look to a standard other than narrow self-interest. That must be the standard of law. The Attorney General has the position — the bully pulpit — to call the government to that standard. He can see to it that the government turns square corners.

Middle-aged liberals like myself grew up believing that the federal government by and large did turn square corners. Especially its lawyers: they were entitled to a presumption of good faith. Young people find it hard to understand, but that belief in the government's respect for law is tenacious. It survived even the red-baiting years of James P. McGranery and Herbert Brownell, Jr., and later abuses under Presidents of both parties. That is what made Watergate so shocking in this country — and so hard to understand in others, where our shock was regarded as naive. And Watergate did not provide the only examples of illegality on the part of those sworn to enforce the law. We learned — we are still learning — of government lawyers authorizing mass arrests without cause, planting *agents provocateurs*, using perjured testimony and the fruits of illegal wiretaps. Sadly the Justice Department is still defending some of those activities in appeals and lawsuits growing out of them. Indeed some of the persons responsible are still employed in the department. If there is one challenge greater than all the others facing Edward Levi, it is to convince Americans that the Department of Justice once again agrees with the words of Mr. Justice Brandeis: "Decency, security and liberty alike demand that government officials shall be subjected to the same rules of conduct that are commands to the citizen. . . ."

That leads to a final point. The office of the Watergate special prosecutor is scheduled to wind up its work by June. But it is evident that appeals, probably trials and possibly some investigations will still be pending. What happens then could be a critical symbol of Edward Levi's effectiveness in the government and with the public. A country and a Congress still doubting the Justice Department's *bona fides* would insist on extension of the independent office. But it might be otherwise if Mr. Levi by then has demonstrated his determination to go after wrongdoing inside the government, past or present, as vigorously as outside — if he has begun to bring Justice Brandeis' words to life.

Mr. Levi, with his reputation, should have no difficulty establishing a relationship of mutual regard with the special prosecutor, Henry S. Ruth, Jr., an experienced and respected figure in law enforcement. If that relationship is established and the political doubts settled by performance, my guess is that Mr. Ruth would have no objection to seeing his office and its pending cases taken into the department. There has been much debate about whether the country needs something like a permanent special prosecutor. In a particular class of problems, for example on campaign laws, it may be the better part of political wisdom to provide a mechanism for independent enforcement. But in general the country would be better off if it could be confident in the general administration of the law: confident that it had a ministry of justice.

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Report from North Vietnam

by Gareth Porter

Hanoi

Since the capture by Communist forces of the South Vietnamese province capital of Phuoc Binh, Hanoi's military and political intentions are once more the subject of intense speculation in Saigon and Washington, with the State Department declaring that Communist attacks "appear to reflect a decision by Hanoi to seek once again to impose a military solution in Vietnam." I have talked at length with North Vietnamese officials here, including Premier Pham Van Dong and Lao Dong party central committee spokesman Hoang Tung. These interviews, along with published and captured internal party documents, give a very different picture of Hanoi's policy toward the South.

North Vietnamese officials emphasize that the current Communist military campaign is aimed at persuading the US to drop its support for Thieu so that a government can come to power that is prepared to implement both the military and political provisions of the Paris agreement. If the US continues its present policy of support for Thieu, they say, the present high level of military action will continue. Their assessment of the situation both in South Vietnam and in the US leads them to feel that the Ford administration will have no choice but to change its policy, particularly given the critical economic situation in the US. But they insist that they are still prepared to resolve the conflict by the political process prescribed in the Paris accords.

The demand for Thieu's removal, they point out, is based on the experience of the past two years, during which Thieu, with US backing, has blocked the implementation of all the major provisions of the pact, launching military and police operations aimed at wiping out the revolutionary administration in the heavily populated areas, thus denying the basic reality of two administrations in the South on which the agreement was based.

Thieu's defiance of the Paris agreement — and American support for it — began even before it was signed. After a draft agreement had been negotiated by Kissinger and Le Duc Tho in October 1972, Thieu complained to the US that it would threaten the survival of his regime. Nixon and Kissinger then demanded further negotiations with the North Vietnamese, and in the November round of talks Kissinger withdrew the major concessions he had previously made on North Vietnamese troops in the South, the equality of the Provisional Revolutionary Government and Saigon, the unity of Vietnam and the tripartite National Council. The result was a deadlock in the negotiations that Nixon tried to break by the Christmas bombing of Hanoi.

North Vietnamese leaders remain convinced, more than two years later, that this battle over the skies of Hanoi, in which Vietnamese gunners claim to have shot down 34 B-52s in 12 days, weakened Nixon's bargaining hand, and made the Paris agreement possible.

Hoang Tung, editor of the party newspaper *Nhan Dan* and the most authoritative spokesman for the Central Committee of which he is a member, puts it this way: "If we had not been able to bring down the B-52s, the situation might have been different. Their side would have been able to make other steps forward to impose their conditions."

In January 1973 the US dropped its major demands for revision and signed a final agreement, which was essentially the same as the October draft. But Communist leaders knew that both Thieu and the Nixon administration were signing reluctantly, under pressure from Congress and the American public. So they were under no illusions that the agreement would be implemented without a difficult struggle. A secret directive from the Central Office for South Vietnam, the leading Communist organ in the South, forecast at the time of the signing that the Americans would "use their lackeys . . . to sabotage the implementation of the agreement [and] instigate limited conflicts."

As predicted, the Thieu regime, bolstered by the major US airlift of military supplies and new weapons between late October and early January, went on the offensive immediately after the cease-fire deadline to grab as much land as possible from the Vietcong. The Nixon administration, Hoang Tung asserted, "thought we could not keep pace," particularly in the strategic Mekong Delta, where Saigon had been able to gain ground steadily from 1969 to 1972. Kissinger was encouraged, Hanoi believes, by the knowledge that the Soviet Union and China would reduce their aid to North Vietnam after the agreement. "It was precisely because Kissinger knew of the possibility of reducing foreign aid to North Vietnam," said Hoang Tung, "that

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Gareth Porter, co-director of the Indochina Resource Center, has just returned from 18 days in North Vietnam. His book, *No Peace for Vietnam*, will be published in the fall.

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he dared to launch another war."

Saigon's strong military push into contested and Vietcong zones posed a difficult choice for Hanoi: Saigon could bring superior force to bear on a series of fronts, as long as main force Communist troops were not deployed to keep Thieu's regulars off balance. But North Vietnamese leaders feared that any coordinated counteroffensive by Communist regiments, even in response to Saigon's violations, would risk a reescalation of the war and finally a reintervention by the Nixon administration. And North Vietnam, which needed a secure peace in order to rebuild its war-shattered economy, could not take the chance.

In spite of Saigon's offensive, therefore, Communist troops were ordered to strike back only where Saigon had encroached on the Vietcong zone, limiting the response to recovery of territory illegally occupied and punishment of offending Saigon units. "We are not opening a military campaign of attacks everywhere," said a secret Communist directive issued two months after the agreement. "We only attack to extinguish enemy plots of destruction and obstruction, to force the enemy to implement the ceasefire and the Agreement." With very few exceptions, Communist main force units were not committed to battle.

North Vietnamese leaders were uncertain that Saigon's offensive thrust could be contained successfully by this military posture. In the April 1973 issue of *Hoc Tap* (Study), Hoang Tung referred to the "possibility of actively repulsing the plot of the counterrevolutionary forces to renew the war," thus "maintaining and strengthening the peace." But he also referred to the "possibility of the enemy renewing the war," which meant that Saigon might threaten to push the Vietcong out of its "leopard spots" in the Mekong Delta and other populated areas, forcing the Communists to launch a major counteroffensive.

The party's restrictive military policy presented difficulties within Communist ranks in the South. Hanoi had to report in its directive of March 1973 that "in many areas" people were "still confused about the application of the struggle principles and methods in the new situation, while the enemy is infringing on us . . . and is secretly causing us a number of losses and difficulties. . . ." It had to warn against "anxiety and subjectivity," which expressed itself in "wanting to contend with the enemy's incursions by expanding the scope of military attacks on all battlefields as the only way quickly to recover lost territory," as well as against "passivity, feeling that even use of the military cannot restore the previous position."

By the end of February 1974, Saigon had seized control of 15 percent of the territory held by the Vietcong at the time of the agreement, according to US officials in Saigon, including many of the most heavily populated areas of Vietcong control. An estimated one million people had been brought under Saigon's control in its military and pacification operations.

Hanoi viewed Thieu's attempt to push the Vietcong out of the populated areas of the South with alarm. Had it continued, they believe, it would have tilted the balance of power once again in Saigon's favor. "If in the last two years," says Hoang Tung, "Thieu had succeeded in wiping us out in the Delta area, eliminating our infrastructure in areas that don't dispose of armed forces . . . to complete Saigon's control of populated areas of the Delta, he could have consolidated his administration and army, developed the economy and liquidated the third force."

Continuing the same low military profile could thus have been disastrous for the Communists. By late 1973 with the Nixon administration mired deeply in the Watergate crisis, the threat of a hair-trigger US response to stepped-up fighting had eased somewhat. So Hanoi ordered a counterattack not only in areas seized by Saigon's forces but in their rear bases as well. But the orders repeated the earlier warning that the purpose of the counterattack was still to respond to Saigon's cease-fire violations and not to reopen a large-scale war. Hanoi still wished to avoid giving Nixon any pretext for reintervention. "If we use our forces to smash the Saigon army," said Hoang Tung to an American journalist early in 1974, "it would open the possibility of renewed war with the United States . . . That is why our efforts are to try to keep the war on a small scale and to force the other side to implement the Paris agreement and have a real peace."

In 1974 Communist main force units were committed to battle for the first time, attacking district military headquarters and other key Saigon bases, while local guerrillas eliminated the military posts that Saigon had used to maintain its control over the hamlets. Significantly the Communist counteroffensive of 1974 came during the rainy season, when Thieu's army had in the past taken the offensive due to its superior communications and logistics system. With a network of new and improved roads and a major logistics base in Quang Tri province, the Communists were able to move troops to almost any battlefront in military regions I, II and III within a matter of hours. For example a Communist regiment seemed to come out of nowhere in August to capture the district capital of Thuong Duc

COMING: John Osborne
on what's become of
the war on poverty
under President Ford

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n Quang Nam province.

By the end of 1974, Hanoi figured that Communist orces had taken back nearly all the territory Saigon had eized in the first year after the agreement, and that on's troops were demoralized and declining in ngth. North Vietnamese officials believe that the alance of forces is now more favorable han at any time since the war began — even more than n 1964, when the Vietcong was rapidly gaining control f the countryside from a failing Saigon administration.

In September 1974 Hanoi believed that the military ictories of the Communist forces had created a new olitical situation in the cities of South Vietnam, by xacerbating economic problems, increasing Thieu's npopularity, and encouraging Thieu's opponents to tep up their activities in Saigon and other cities. One of he manifestations of political crisis was growing onflict between factions within the Saigon governnent. "Contradictions," said Hoang Tung, "are evident ven in the leading organs of the Saigon administraion. Between Thieu and [Prime Minister Tran Thien] Chiem, there is no unity of view."

t the same time the North Vietnamese thought hey discerned signs that the US was about to replace Thieu with someone more capable of reversing the nfavorable trend, as it had in 1963 when it gave the reen light for the overthrow of Diem. "It seemed that omething was prepared for such a removal at some oint," said Hoang Tung. "Washington thought of eplacing Thieu, not to change policy but to continue he same policy." Washington also appeared to Hanoi to e "preparing other cards to cope with the situation," y trying to influence the direction of the legal pposition to Thieu. "The US calculated that whoever ould seize the third force could win the competition," loang Tung said. When right-wing Catholic priest ran Huu Thanh, a lecturer at Saigon's psychological arfare school, organized a "People's Anti-Corruption lovement" to oppose the Thieu regime, Hanoi saw it s a move by the US to "keep a finger in the anti-Thieu truggle."

All these political developments demanded a change n the public stance of the Communists toward Thieu. On October 8 the PRG issued a statement calling on ublic figures and organizations in the South to work or "an end to the US military involvement and nterference in South Vietnam, the overthrow of lguyen Van Thieu and his clique, and the establishnent in Saigon of an administration willing to nplement the Paris Agreement seriously." Two weeks ter the US began a campaign to reassert its support or Thieu, and the anti-Thieu movement in the cities of outh Vietnam seemed to lose its steam in November nd December.

Did Hanoi simply misread the signals from Washingon and commit itself prematurely to Thieu's ouster? loang Tung argues that Thieu cannot survive, even if the Ford administration wants to support him. He attributes great importance to the entry of conservative Catholics into the anti-Thieu movement, even though its leader, Father Thanh, is regarded as a "lackey" of the US. "We see the movement as having a positive character," said Hoang Tung. Its Catholic followers, he believes, support the implementation of the Paris agreement, and "it has given birth to a new force which to some extent will contribute to more acute contradictions."

Moreover Hanoi's leaders now view the ability of the US to prop any client regime as already sharply reduced. The North Vietnamese appear to believe that they can maintain a sufficiently high level of military pressure to make Thieu's position and thus present US policy, untenable without provoking American reintervention. And with the realization in the US of the seriousness of its own economic difficulties and the rising opposition to American involvement in Indochina, Hanoi tends to doubt that the Ford administration is capable of providing the high levels of aid that Nixon could in the past. "How much money can Ford pour into South Vietnam?" said Hoang Tung. "We guess not much, because the US is short of money, and the political posture of Ford does not allow him to give as much as he wishes."

Hanoi's decisions on South Vietnam have always been guided by its appraisal of the "balance of forces" at every juncture, and its determination to seize the right moment for advancing the revolution. Now the Communist leaders are convinced that the time is ripe to apply maximum pressure on the US to ensure that the Paris agreement will be carried out by dropping its support for Thieu. Just one day after the fall of Phuoc Binh to Communist forces, Hoang Tung suggested that more defeats would be in store for Saigon until Thieu is replaced. "I think if the US administration keeps the present policy and uses Thieu to continue the war, then the situation as it is now may continue and the disintegration of the Thieu administration and army is inevitable. . . ."

Just as the Tet Offensive of 1968 was aimed at increasing the pressure on the US to begin negotiations and the spring offensive of 1972 was to force the US to make key concessions in order to conclude a political settlement, the present Communist campaign is for the purpose of forcing one final decision on Washington: to stop supporting a regime that has systematically defied the military and political provisions of the Paris agreement. This does not mean that there will be no more negotiations between the North Vietnamese and the US. On the contrary one is left with the impression that Hanoi still looks forward to the resolution of the remaining issues by diplomatic contacts with the US as well as negotiations between Saigon and the PRG. But for now Hanoi is saying that further meetings with Kissinger would be futile until the US has changed its policy toward Thieu.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Papp, Foreman, Shyre

Black Picture Show (Vivian Beaumont). I've been to almost all of Joseph Papp's productions so far this season, uptown and down, and have seen nothing satisfactory. Most of the work has been poor. The big disappointment was Michael Moriarty, so fine last season in *Find Your Way Home*, as Richard III at the Newhouse. Mel Shapiro directed the play as if to destroy it once and for all, and Moriarty created only a poster of Richard. By the end of the first soliloquy he had presented absolutely all his ideas on the part; the rest was just a series of cold poses repeating those ideas.

Now I've seen *Black Picture Show* at Lincoln Center, written and directed by Bill Gunn, who is black. I'm told that this play was in rehearsal at the end of the last Beaumont season; the decision to postpone it was what brought Pinero's *Short Eyes* uptown to fill the gap. I can only wonder what *Black Picture Show* must have been last year, because this year it's an hour and three-quarters of gassy rhetoric, ludicrous symbolism, and sentimental thinking about art. Basically it deals with a conflict between black father and son, each of whom is a film director, the father an artist and the son a commercial sell-out. The play moves with lame imaginative leaps from present to past—with, for instance, the same actress playing the father's mother and his second wife—and from sanity to madness—the father's home and a psychiatric ward. The struggle of art vs. commerce, which has rarely been so simplistically treated, is here translated into a black frame of reference: black purity vs. white money. The curious fact is that Gunn's writing is sophomorically thin and, save for an occasional glinting figure, bombastically tedious most of the time he is writing about blacks, but his dialogue acquires at least some stenographic virtue à la John O'Hara when he deals with a white producer and his wife. I infer that Gunn had vivid models for the white pair and that the other characters were inadequately grounded.

Dick Anthony Williams, easily strong last season as the oily villain in *What the Wine-Sellers Buy*, cannot deal competently with the father, a role outside his narrow range. Albert Hall, one of the best young black actors around, struggles manfully but futilely with the son. Admittedly, however, neither role is really there to be dealt with. The best performance, partly because it's the best-written part, comes from Linda Miller as the producer's spoiled, zonked-out wife.

Gunn's direction runs parallel to the plentiful faults and skimpy virtues of the script. *Black Picture Show* is a mess of grandiose intentions in fumbling hands.

Hotel for Criminals (Exchange); **Pandering to the Masses: A Misrepresentation** (Ontological-Hysteric). Two years ago Richard Foreman had two shows running off-off-Broadway, a musical and a "pure" production of his Ontological-Hysteric Theater. (*TNR*, Jan. 1, '73.) Now he has done this double play again.

The musical, *Hotel for Criminals*, has an attractive score by Stanley Silverman (who also did the score for Foreman's last musical), with sympathy for the period of the piece and with smart orchestration of eight acutely chosen instruments. (A tuba, for instance.) Foreman's book is a whimsical mélange of elements from the celebrated French films of 1913-14 by Louis Feuillade dealing with the adventures of the master criminal Fantomas. Using elements of his Ontological-Hysteric techniques, Foreman has arranged (the key verb in describing his direction) a series of scenes and tableaux that are always immediately striking and sometimes interesting for more than the first glimpse. There is a wispy semblance of story. The costumes by Whitney Blausen are mostly black and white and gray to suggest old films. The whole effect of the show is of an "in" joke by cultivated people, kept going by good music and good taste but ultimately flat.

Pandering (see the full, typically reticent Foreman title above) is another in his series of explorations in O-H theater, done without any of the concessions to convention in *Hotel*. The music here is all recorded (as in previous O-H productions). So is most of the dialogue; the actors from time to time mumble along after it. The setting is long and steeply raked, with a doll's house at the end. And once more (as with *Hotel*) a few zebra-striped strings criss-cross the front of the stage. Foreman sits before the audience running a couple of tape recorders, ending sequences with a loud buzzer and/or a shout of "Cue!" Once more there is a series of surrealist, ever dadaist, compositions, using actors and lot of sliding scenery and a great m- props. Once more there's a lot of nudity most of it female.

The audience gets a long explanator Foreman essay in the program, whicl tells us that the play is in a prologue an nine acts and that, in gist, the hero, writer, learns to cast off "the habit o thinking we think in logical, linear monophonic ways." Presumably Fore man needs to believe he is accomplishin this thematic end in order to create hi pictures. Fine. For myself, I only experi enced a series of effects, visual and aural many of which were ingenious an amusing, none of which was moving o mind-blowing, and the total of whicl was much too long—an uninterrupte 105 minutes.

Unquestionably Foreman has made contribution to theater possibilities witl his O-H work, but I still feel that thi work is much more stimulus thai accomplishment. He has shown othe theater artists how things can be don that they may not have imagined an has provided materials for us elsewhere—indeed, he himself has use them elsewhere in his musicals witl Silverman. But on the basis of four O-H productions, I would say that he has nov reached the limit of his contributions i

(continued on page 34)

Films Worth Seeing

Amarcord. Fellini's fine memoirs of his boyhood home—as he remembers it, not as it was.

Broken Treaty at Battle Mountain. A modest but forceful documentary about today's Western Shoshone in Nevada and their (typically) bitter struggle for rights vs. the USA. Narration by Robert Redford.

Murder on the Orient Express. Old-fashioned Agatha Christie livened by a delightful all-star cast.

Scenes from a Marriage. Liv Ullmann, magnificent in Bergman's compacted but still compelling Swedish TV series.

SK

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Biographers: What Quarry?

he Life of Emily Dickinson
y Richard B. Sewall

arrar, Straus and Giroux; two volumes, $30)

All men say 'What' to me," Emily ickinson once remarked. During her etime (1830–1886) in Amherst, Mas-achusetts, she was known as "the lyth," and she has baffled and enchant-d readers, critics and scholars ever nce. With Walt Whitman she is un-oubtedly one of our two greatest poets. f her 1776 poems (only a handful were ublished until after her death), some-ing like 200 can be ranked in the ighest order of verse — visionary, editative, by turns witty, ecstatic and riven by terrible apprehensions. Yet, as person, she has remained singularly, illfully elusive: the white-clad recluse ho from her 30th year chose not to ross my father's ground for any house r home"; who lurked invisibly on the pstairs landing when visitors were elow, uttering breathless little cries of easure at their talk; and who gathered out her legends of heartbreaking arental repression, doomed love af-irs, and a sort of haunted remoteness om everyday reality.

Now Richard B. Sewall, professor of nglish at Yale, after 20 years' devoted bor, has brought forth a mountainous ography that re-creates Emily Dickin-on and her world amid an extraordi-ary wealth of detail, every scrap of formation available about the poet and oman, her forebears, family and ntold numbers of friends. The whole is bedded in a no less extraordinary elter of conjecture and surmise. It is a ajor event in American letters.

Sewall's method of disposing his normous range of material is an iginal, even a daring one. Emily ickinson's birth is not reached until the rst page of Volume II. In the first olume we are introduced seriatim to e members of her Dickinson commu-ty, the primary elements in her perience. Her father, Edward Dickin-on, one of Amherst's most eminent tizens, was after all only a mildly thoritarian figure in the household, ewall finds, and to Emily an occasional-comic one ("Father steps like Crom-ell when he gets the kindlings"). With her uncomplicated sister Lavinia, Emily was on terms of nourishing intimacy; Vinnie was spirited and sociable, and had her own brisk eccentricity of speech — Emily's "so-called 'Withdrawal from general society,'" Vinnie insisted in her late years, "was only a happen."

Sewall's mode of narrative causes him to pass back over the same stretch of years several times, and even the same incidents; Father dies repeatedly in Volume I. But the largest and most sustained attention is given to Emily's brother Austin Dickinson, whose "anguished story" held the greatest import

for Emily. In telling that story — chiefly Austin's wretched marriage, in 1856, to the scintillating but unsettling Sue Gilbert, and his passionate affair with Mabel Loomis Todd, beginning in 1882 — Sewall carefully avoids the kind of psychologizing that he dutifully acknowledges in other Dickinson studies. This was probably wise, for his hitherto inaccessible materials might otherwise have provided all too heavy a feast of psychological speculation.

To Sue Dickinson, Emily wrote late in life: "With the exception of Shakespeare, you have told me of more knowledge than anyone living. To say so sincerely," she added, "is strange praise." Strange praise and strange knowledge. With all her brilliance, Sue was capable of wanton verbal cruelty: "She dealt her pretty words like blades," Emily declared in a skin-tingling poem seemingly about her sister-in-law. If Sue became addicted to riotous parties and heavy drinking, she also had, unmistakably, a fear and loathing of sex, which she referred to as "low practices." It was her expressed feeling that bedroom activity was a "night horror" that finally drove her husband into the arms of Mabel Todd — and which thus led, via a series of circumstances abrim with irony, to the first publications of Emily Dickinson's writings. For it was Mabel Todd who, out of an assortment of pieties, saw to the publication of the first three volumes of poems and two volumes of letters, between 1890 and 1896.

These several personalities, episodes and tensions were "the givens of Emily Dickinson's life," Sewall remarks toward the end of Volume I. The second volume traces the life from the early days at Amherst Academy and then Mount Holyoke Seminary, on through the daily round in the Dickinson house, The Homestead, and the overflowing of Emily Dickinson's creative energies — some 366 poems in the single, crucial year 1862. As before, the narrative is geared to a series of relationships with overlapping chronology: those outside the family circle, this time, and especially the two or three that may have engendered the staccato upsurges of intensest feeling or the tight little dramas of psychic catastrophe in the greatest of the poems.

One simple, central fact that emerges (and it is representative of this always sane biography) is that Emily Dickinson, in her routine of life, was an exceedingly *busy* woman. She looked after her invalid mother for years; with Vinnie she ran the household, made the beds, set the table, cooked and washed the dishes; she baked cookies and dispensed them (imaginably, reciting her bright verses about the animal kingdom) to the neighborhood children. And in the course of about 30 years, she secretively wrote nearly 1800 poems, often working over a spate of alternative words and phrases. She also composed some 10,000 letters — only 1000 or so have survived — many of which were themselves items of superior and startling literary art. There were no doubt other, more complex reasons for her evasion of social intercourse; but Sewall inclines to the sensible notion that she could hardly have carried on her workaday and creative life if, like Vinnie, she had been a gregarious woman-about-town.

"The Soul selects her own Society,"

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Emily Dickinson wrote in 1862; "then — shuts the door." Of all the mysteries in her life, the one that has most intrigued scholars is the "society" she selected for herself, the person or persons to whom she may have given her deepest love. The issue has often been confused: it has not been clear whether one is asking about some actual love affair, or about the sources of Emily Dickinson's most passionate love, *poetry*. Sewall properly hesitates to make out any obvious relation between the life and the poems; and as to the other part of the question, he breaks surprisingly with the chief tradition in deprecating the candidacy of Charles Wadsworth, the eloquent Philadelphia clergyman whom Emily met on her one excursion outside of Massachusetts in 1856.

His reasons may be debatable — within the general context of the fascinatingly unresolvable — but Sewall, anyhow, opts warily for Samuel Bowles, the able, energetic and rather insensitive editor of the Springfield *Republican*. Not only did Emily fall in love with him, in Sewall's opinion; she also saw in Bowles her best chance for the publication she still hoped for. "It is fully apparent," Sewall says at last, for once throwing discretion to the winds "that Bowles was a powerful presence on whom for a while she focussed with extraordinary intensity both her ambition and her love."

What is persistently and poignantly apparent is that in none of these relationships — not with Wadsworth or Bowles; not with Thomas Wentworth Higginson, her kindly but obtuse "preceptor"; not with her cheerful and hospitable friends the Hollands — did Emily Dickinson find anything like the fulfillment or more than a particle of the literary appreciation she longed for. She ended up as the supreme self-communicant in our literary history and it is the more astonishing that to each of us, today, she communicates in such special and personal ways.

There is much more to meditate in these two volumes than a brief review can begin to suggest. One can only mention Sewall's illuminating survey of Emily Dickinson's reading, or his identification of "immortality" (rather than death, for example, or the visionary imagination) as the "flood-subject" of Emily Dickinson's poetry. Facts, arresting or otherwise, accumulate nearly to overwhelm us; Sewall has not denied his reader Emily's mother's recipes for gingerbread and black cake. But it cannot be said that the biography has answered every question about Emily Dickinson's life and character.

Sewall would, indeed, insist upon the opposite. If he proceeds by dispelling legend after legend with one hand, with the other he is steadily shedding a delicate mist of uncertainty over the Dickinson landscape, a sort of cloud of unknowing. Like other recent biographers, Sewall tends to make his researches and the problems they raise a continuing part of his narrative. As often as not, he is telling us not so much what happened as why we cannot really be sure what happened. He is always looking at alternate possibilities and urging himself and us not to conclude too hastily; he is eager to "keep every

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ing in liveliest suspension." At times e figure of whom a cousin said that mily Dick had more charm than yone I ever knew" seems lost behind is barrage of variables.

Yet where, in other biographies, the me technique has proven vexatious, en an abdication of the biographer's sponsibility, in *The Life of Emily ickinson* it may well be the height of sponsibility. Sewall is pursuing two ajor but not easily reconcilable goals. e wanted to bring Emily Dickinson to full life; in a geographical context imming with activity; in a network of going relationships; with her full ray of characteristics — of manner, eling, speech, dress, biases — made sible. But such total visibility would be listortion. Sewall also wanted to retain e image, itself a salient fact about nily Dickinson's life and character, of a iled figure whom the light of knowledge and reason never entirely penetrated; who made it her very business to escape our grasp, and whose ultimate invitation to her contemporaries and ourselves is to keep saying "What" to her.

"That Covered Vision — here" is what Emily Dickinson settled for (temporarily) in the poem "Renunciation — is a piercing virtue." Richard Sewall's biographical vision of Emily Dickinson is as complete as human scholarship, ingenuity, stylistic pungency and common sense can arrive it. But it is also, deliberately and gracefully, a covered vision as well.

R. W. B. Lewis

R. W. B. Lewis is professor of English at Yale and author of the seminal study, *American Adam* (University of Chicago Press).

Recent, Notable Fiction

efore My Time
y Maureen Howard

ittle, Brown; $6.95)

her latest novel, *Before My Time*, aureen Howard deftly and movingly ptures the feel of family life most of us ve experienced, its contradictions w so deep within us that we forget w they shaped our growing up and owing old. Howard's art helps us to member.

Laura Quinn is growing old and is raid. Her cousin Millie's son, Jim gan, "the hero, or at least the star" of r tale, is frightened (though he obably would not call it that) of owing up. Involved in a religious sect's zarre plan to blow up the New York blic Library, Jim has been sent to stay th the Quinns in Cambridge while iting for his case to come up. These o, almost in spite of their intentions, lp each other past life crises: the time ey spend together includes the celeation of their shared Cancer birthte, Laura's 40th and Jim's 18th.

Laura envies Jim his "presence" as she ce envied her brother's. She aches to be him, "crouching at the starting line," even as she disdains his innocence and insists on the superiority of experience. In confrontations with this aggressively honest "seventeen-year-old Montaigne in love beads" and with all he represents for her, Laura does, it seems, pass on some wisdom. Jim realizes that his real life includes what came "before his time." He gives up his idea of running away from himself and from his family, and when Laura urges him at the last moment to act out her fantasies of escape and rejection he now cries out that she is unreasonable! As Jim flies home to face maturity, responsibility, faith and Fordham, Laura is freed of the good girl she despised in herself; she discovers the sweetness of her doubt and the possibility of being young.

Before My Time begins and ends with Laura Quinn; her history, and her encounter with Jim Cogan, frame and focus the novel. They do not make up the whole of it. *Before My Time* is also

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the story of all the Murrays: Millie's father, who once played ball for the Yankees, Laura's mother, her sister, the beautiful Irish girl who married the Boston Brahmin, and their descendants. Successful and unsuccessful Murrays. "I never got it straight," Jim Cogan says, "why my mother didn't like you." To respond to his inquiry and accusation Laura's voice and that of the narrator tell him — and us — about both branches of the family. "Then you didn't believe," Laura's lawyer husband interrogates Jim, and to understand how and why Jim was seduced into Patrick James Clauson's cult of Creative Resignation and Love we are told stories within stories.

The Murray saga, Boston and the Bronx, is virtually a novel itself. It unfolds in fragments, set pieces, short storylike chapters (sections were published separately in *Partisan Review* and *Ms.*) that fascinate in their own right, interlock, overlap and create a very special resonance for the Laura-Jim plot. Howard is not using technique simply to play a *Rashamon* game with her readers, though we can surely delight in her craft as mysteries are explained and episodes intersect. The structure and detail of *Before My Time* establish a world of family relationships — between siblings, between generations, with those important adults who are not one's parents. Even minor characters in this novel (neighbors, housekeeper, secretary, clients and boss) are shown in some family role, as Howard dramatizes from multiple perspectives that mix of intimacy and isolation, safety and competition, present and past the family provides in our time.

Howard's last novel, *Bridgeport Bus*, was a funny, sad work some readers were fortunate to discover and then eager to pass on to friends. *Before My Time* is a richer, more complex, perhaps more difficult novel, but also funny/sad. My favorite portions are those dealing with the Cogans, and in particular Millie's young twins, Siobhan and Cormac; their adventures at Co-op City are both touching and hilarious, and so are Jim's at *Chateau du Chien* and his father's at Feinmark Corporation and his mother's on her Connecticut outing.

It *is* a little harder to love Laura and her side of the family, but she knows that. Her recollections of a Zeus-like father, a Diana-like mother and a brother high on Olympus are, as is Laura, self-conscious and ironic: "family life is like the classics played in modern dress by an amateur troupe." Laura is a writer who has dealt only with the public world, a wife and mother who ha become careful in private. She want and knows she needs, to do somethin *personal;* the account she provides Jim c her brother Robert, killed in Korea, her first expedition into that realm. Sh *emerges from it having laid to rest th* myth she created of a doomed your genius. That self-knowledge will fac before it is recaptured, but it is none th less true: even the successful Murray are "ordinary."

Howard knows that all her characte: are ordinary, and very precious: wome and men, old and young, post-Kennec liberal intellectuals and barefoot seeke: of revelation. She knows that th personal truth of each is to be found : the meeting of private experience ar historical moment, lets us see thos truths, and then reminds us that we se them because she has trained our visio: That reminder, I think, is offered as a encouragement to keep looking.

Elaine Reube

Elaine Reuben writes and lectures c women, education and the arts. She liv in Madison, Wisconsin.

Mawrdew Czgowchwz by James McCourt

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $7.95)

It's hard to imagine what we would ha made of this novel a dozen years ag before the appearance of Susan Sontag "Notes on 'Camp.'" That essay provoke considerable excitement because mapped out a sensibility we hadr known how to deal with before. Not America, anyway: Wilde and Firbank v had accommodated, but they we English (or Anglo-Irish) after all, ar everybody knows how odd foreigne can be. Now *camp* is one of the reviev er's favorite words, shorthand for a kinds of excess and silliness. Pa Morrisey's *Frankenstein*, Bette Midl and the Pointer Sisters, wedgies ar flamingo-emblazoned rayon shirts, Bu Reynolds in the buff—too much o tacky popular culture takes to its boso is described as camp, and we have start from scratch with our definitior We need Susan Sontag back, and she back, in a way: the publicity handou list her (along with Lewis Mumford ar Joyce Carol Oates) as one of the ear

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upporters of this remarkable book.

It's the real article, *le vrai* camp, as *The lew York Times* recognized, although it ot the heroine's nationality wrong: he's not Polish (when will we learn to ave the Poles alone?) but Czech. And he *Times* was cloddish in wanting arrar, Straus and Giroux to give us help n pronouncing that name. Any reader f the book quickly learns that Mawrew Czgowchwz is Mardu Gorgeous, he ultimate diva. MC, as she will be nown henceforth, appears on the New ork scene in the late '40s, after fleeing nd flying solo from Prague, crashnding on the Champs-Elysées, and apidly conquering the Western Eurolean musical world. She makes her way o the States largely through the achinations of the Secret Seven, anatic operaphiles who man the lines at he old Met and seek a replacement for he worn-out, grotesque Italianate diva, leri.

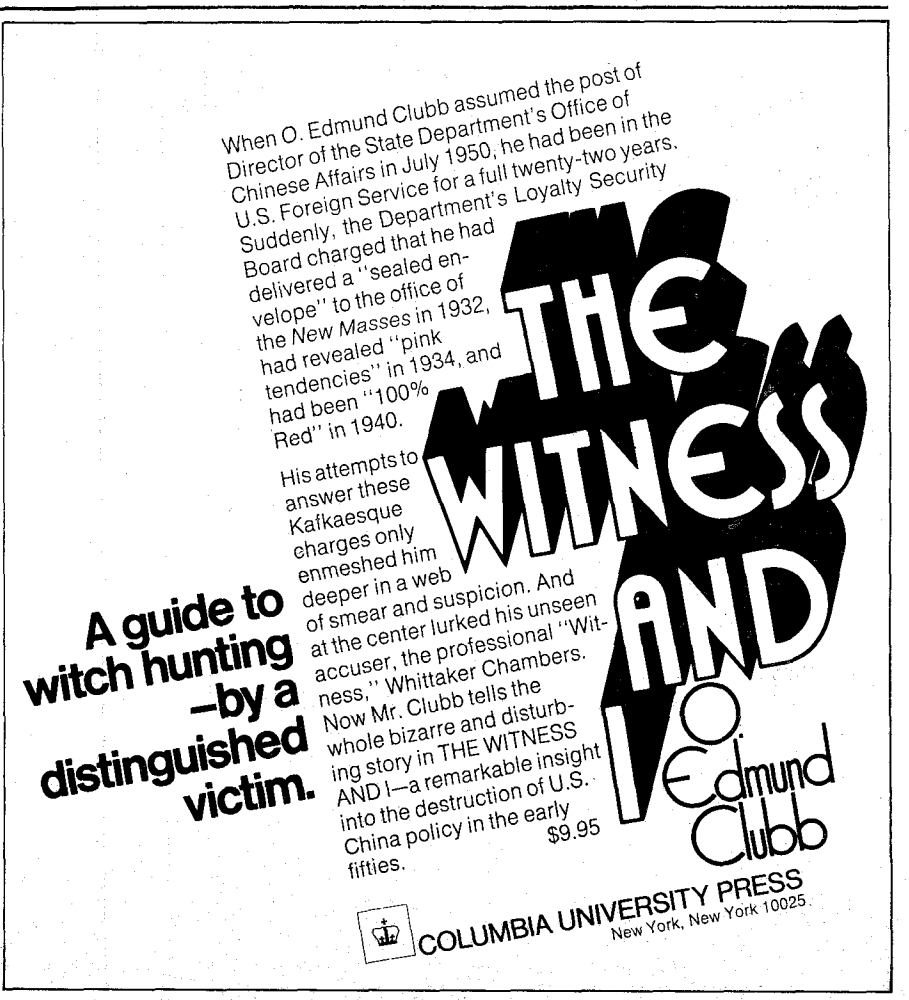
MC does replace Neri, but not without terrible consequences: witchcraft nd curses, raped locks, and a most eculiar *Liesbestod*, which MC sings in rse, to general consternation. The urse has worked, MC is deranged, her emory gone. All seems lost. But in a omance like this most clouds have silver nings: Mawrdew's temporary loss is er eventual gain. In the best classical ashion, and with the help of a good odern therapist, she learns her true arentage, discovers her authentic self: he is the daughter of the Czech hilosopher-poet Jan Motivyk and Maeve Cohalen, fiery fighter in the aster Rising of 1916.

Such a happy discovery not only xplains MC's knowing and singing in rse but it amplifies our understanding f the book's special tone: high camp *and* ish blarney, an almost irresistible xample of literary overkill, for my oney. The restored MC is greater than he old MC: she knows who she truly is nd can move on to triumphs ever more azzling: a flawless Mélisande in the fternoon, a concert the same evening at arnegie Hall (a program including even songs of Schubert, Berlioz's *Nuits 'été*, Britten's *Les Illuminations*, Seven arly Songs by Berg, some 16 or 17 ncores, etc., etc.), followed by a reception in the grand ballroom at the Plaza, here MC closes out the evening with Miss Otis Regrets" and a few other legant bijoux.

Fate and conspiring friends deliver nto her hands the warlock and oltrano acob Beltane (oltrano: a voice beyond all xisting categories, the only other example being MC herself), and MC and Beltane find ecstatic union. Eventually they sing together in Merovig Creplacx's *Noia*, a music drama composed for MC and performed at the First Annual Czgowchwz Endeavor Life Trust Festival of Music and Dance. There's much more, but why go on? Perfect lovers conquer the world with their art and live happily ever after. "They sailed away together . . . . Their time was time out of mind."

A funny, loving, uneven fantasy. It's true camp because despite all the glitter it's fundamentally serious. The novel playfully suggests the completeness, the absolute value of the esthetic vision. McCourt acknowledges storm troopers, breadlines, the Cold War. But he knows, with Yeats, that "poets . . . are always gay," that Ophelia and Cordelia "do not break up their lines to weep." When MC jumps her cue and sings the *Liebestod* in Erse, she does so gloriously, but it is a shocking intrusion of life, MC's life, into art, the interrupted performance a symbol of universal chaos. Civilization's great task is to bring MC back, in the words of her therapist, to "her libidinal life's task," "performative utterance." In celebrating the supreme importance of performance, with its divinities, its bloody Olympian battles, its fiendishly demanding but adoring believers, McCourt says some weighty truths—indirectly, comically—about civilized life and the heroic worth of these shining secular rites.

And he says them, much of the time, with great verve and inventiveness. The accounts of MC's appearances—in opera, in concert, at parties by the baby grand—are an undiluted joy, and at the same time a knowing send-up of the language of music criticism, hilarious and thoroughly convincing. I have to admit the book is less winning in carrying out some of its more workaday novelistic tasks. McCourt has taken Firbank as his mentor, I think, and while the names of the characters would not shame the creator of Miss Miami Mouth—Halcyon Paranoy, the Countess Madge O'Meaghre Gautier, Achille Plonque—the characters themselves often turn out to be a lot less interesting than they sound. The prose is mannered to a fare-thee-well, yet it doesn't often have the Master's other-worldly wit or his lunatic genius for skewered syntax. And, sad to say, there's something warmed-over about the ecclesiastical and witchcraft foolery. But *Mawrdew Czgowchwz* is all style and assurance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when it cleaves to its subject. It's also nice to see someone paying such tender homage to Gotham, the City, without which there would be no temple and no rites, no gods, no worshippers. The poor old girl hasn't had a song like this sung about her for a long time.

James Boatwright

James Boatwright is editor of *Shenandoah.*

First Zionist

Herzl
by Amos Elon

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $15)

"Great things need no firm foundation: an apple must rest on a table; the earth swims in space." The author of this questionable aphorism was not Blake but Theodore Herzl, founder of political Zionism. Jotted casually on one of the pages of his voluminous *Diaries*, the words provide a clue to both his failures and triumphs, for while Herzl's ventures into statemanship were foredoomed for lack of a firm base in financial and political power, the movement he launched, propelled by an inner dynamic, led to the creation of the Jewish state.

Amos Elon's fascinating biography catches the high drama of Herzl's mission — nine years in all, from 1895 to 1904, when he died at the age of 44 — as well as the improbable personality of the chief actor. Luckily for his future biographers Herzl, successful playwright, nationally known foreign correspondent of the influential Viennese journal, *Neue Freie Presse*, has left so vivid and detailed a record of his doings and feelings in his *Diaries* (one of the great modern autobiographies) that an intelligent biographer is spared the need to invent dialogue or imagine the minutiae of important episodes. A writer of considerable gifts, Herzl analyzes his contradictory impulses, great and trivial, with a candor, sometimes histrionic, sometimes tart, that bids the amateur psychologist abstain. Elon has the sensibility and wide knowledge of the subject to keep speculation to a minimum when dealing with so fantastic a figure as Herzl. He lets the incredible story unfold and any reader familiar with the sources can appreciate the brilliance, restraint and fidelity of his narrative.

The plot, in crude outline, reads more like an extravagant parody of *Daniel Deronda* than a chapter of modern history: a strikingly handsome Viennese litterateur suffers an apocalypse at the age of 35, is convinced that he has discovered an original solution for the Jewish problem, creates a mass movement and of his own accord begins negotiating grandly with the German kaiser in Jerusalem, the representative of the czar in Russia and the sultan in Constantinople. In encounters full of hilarious misadventure and tragic expectation he is received as the plenipotentiary of the Jewish people. *Candide* is more plausible; but it happened.

Herzl's Jewish awakening is sometimes mistakenly attributed wholly to the impact of the Dreyfus case. Though it was a contributing factor, no Jew born in Budapest in 1860, no matter how assimilated or well off, could ignore anti-Semitism or not suffer from it in some measure. As a precocious, sensitive youth Herzl early began to daydream of possible solutions (including mass conversions) for what he called *Judennot*, the misery of the Jews. But he was not yet possessed. In his *Diaries* he writes: "I sighed over it [the Jewish question], and joked about it. I was unhappy. I was never seized by it."

The seizure was to come in 1895, precipitated by the Dreyfus case which he was reporting from Paris. In a frenzy of inspiration — he heard wings overhead as he wrote — he composed his tract, *The Jewish State*, whose thesis was admirably simple: "Let sovereignty be granted us over a portion of the globe large enough to satisfy the requirements of a nation." At first he did not specify Palestine, but he quickly realized that only the historic homeland would attract the Jewish masses.

He was sublimely unaware of such ideological predecessors as Moses Hess in Germany, or Leo Pinsker in Russia, who had urged a national solution years before him. His very ignorance of the literature of political Zionism, as distinct from the ancient prayers of liturgy ("Next year in Jerusalem"), was part of his strength. This innocence enabled him to embrace his idea with the conviction and passion of a pathfinder, not a follower. In a transformation alarming to his intimates, the witty man-of-letters became a charismat leader involving in his brief apostolat not only romantic eccentrics like th Reverend William Hechler whose er thusiasm for the return of the Jews wa theologically motivated, but such ra tionalists as Max Nordau, author c "Conventional Lies of Society."

To Jewish magnates who were disir clined to listen and to rulers an statesmen who unaccountably did, h expounded his argument like a sylle gism: anti-Semitism was caused by th competition of the Jewish middle clas and by the activities of disaffecte Jewish radicals. If Jews departed to a lan of their own, *ergo* anti-Semitism woul vanish, Jewish suffering would end an a flourishing society would be re-create in the wastes of Palestine to everybody satisfaction.

To realize this vision there woul have to be a mass exodus of Jews, nc small-scale settlement such as th already existing handful of Zionis colonies supported by Jewish philar thropists. Having been granted a charte for the Promised Land, the Jews woul leave Europe in a grandiose departur which Herzl staged in his imaginatio with all of a dramatist's flair.

He was obsessed by "legitimacy." Th homeland in Palestine would have to b "legally and publicly assured" to quot the Basel Program adopted by the Firs Zionist Congress convoked by Herzl i 1897. Since Palestine was then a prc vince of the Ottoman Empire this mear securing from the sultan a charte authorizing Jewish mass settlemen The extraordinary negotiations that th Viennese journalist with no backin save that of a poor, amorphous move ment managed to initiate with th powerful of the earth read like th Arabian Nights. Nevertheless the kaise briefly toyed with the notion of German protectorate over a Jewis Palestine and the sultan appeared to giv serious consideration to Herzl's exube ant promise that in return for th charter, the Jews would restore Tu key's crumbling finances. "I will be th Androcles to Your Majesty's Lion Herzl declared. He would remove th thorn of Turkish indebtedness to fo eign creditors.

Not surprisingly the Rothschilds an the few Jewish millionaires to whor Herzl appealed to make good his promis — Herzl had been certain that the would appreciate the historic opportun ty offered — showed no zeal for hi amateur sorties into diplomacy and hig finance. However while the Turkish an

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ther high-flown projects came to othing, the suffering Jews of Europe, articularly those of Russia, hailed Herzl s a deliverer. After the First Zionist ongress, Herzl wrote in his diary: "In asel I founded the Jewish state. If I said iis aloud today I would be greeted by niversal laughter. Perhaps in five ears, and certainly in fifty, everyone ill agree." This was written in 1897. he Balfour Declaration, the first harter" bestowing international legitiacy on the Zionist purpose, was romulgated in 1917 and the Partition esolution creating a Jewish state was assed by the United Nations exactly 50 ears later, as Herzl had prophesied.

He had proven an astute visionary. he barely populated wasteland he eheld in 1898 (a sight that disheartened im as much as it did Mark Twain when e visited the Holy Land) became a ourishing landscape and society. Conary to Herzl's view this transformaon took place through small groups of ocialist pioneers who established kibutzim and who believed that their iandate derived primarily from their hysical work in reclaiming marsh and esert. The "mass exodus" of Jews, hen it came, took place not with ecorous solemnity on fine vessels but i the rotting holds of refugee ships fter the Nazi holocaust. The creation of Jewish homeland had not lessened the iry of anti-Semitism.

Herzl's major error was his failure to iticipate the extent of Arab hostility. ot that he ignored the Arab presence s is often wrongly asserted. On the ontrary, the Arab villagers he had seen tted smoothly into his program. In 902 he rested from his political ruggles long enough to compose a topian narrative, *Altneuland* (Old-New and), in which he envisioned the alestine of 1923: Haifa is a blooming ty with white villas, a modern harbor, cellent clinics presided over by altruisc spinsters (a foretaste of Hadassah?) id various wonders of technology not o remote from the present reality. In erzl's scenario the various sects and oples live in harmony, each cherishing s language and folkways.

Was Herzl incredibly callous or inedibly naive? Hardly the former. He ewed the sparse impoverished populaon of Palestine as exploited Turkish ibjects whose interests coincided with iose of the Jews. There was as yet no rab state for him to worry about. It iould be recalled that the Arab states of ie region were established by the ctorious Allies after World War I on territory liberated from the Turks at the same time that Palestine was set aside for a Jewish national home. Actually, the material advantages foretold by Herzl came to pass. As Zionists never tire of pointing out, the first result of Zionist settlement resulted in a large increase, not dispossession of the Arab population. In the period between the Balfour Declaration and the proclamation of the Jewish state the Arab population of Palestine doubled whereas in the neighboring Arab countries the population barely increased. Of course the Arab attack on Israel in 1948 changed the situation. Instead of mythical dispossessed Arabs there were to be real Arab refugees.

The paradox of Zionism was that it succeeded not only in reviving Palestine but also in bringing to birth a previously nonexistent Palestinian Arab nationalism. This Herzl did not foresee. In fact, so sure was he of idyllic coexistence that he touchingly concluded *Altneuland* with the suggestion that since the Jewish problem had been happily resolved, men of good will should now address themselves to the troublesome "African Question." Jewish moral energy should be devoted to the liberation of oppressed Negroes.

But these were fantasies. Two years after writing *Altneuland* Herzl died of a heart attack, defeated and worn out by this movement which, in his words, had made him "old, tired and poor." (His private means had been wholly spent on his journeys and endeavors.)

In Elon's biography the excitement of these events and the quality of their prime mover come through admirably. Readers of *The Israelis*, Elon's previous work, know that the author is not given to hagiography. Herzl's weaknesses, vanities, follies and unhappy personal life are given their due. So is his talent for self-deception which could so readily border on deception. But debunking is an easy sport. The virtue of this biography is the author's ability to make the metamorphosis of this worldly sophisticate credible. Though elements of the capricious, the irresponsible and the absurd remain, a spiritual evolution takes place: Herzl becomes his own legend.

Marie Syrkin

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The Last Book

Pictures and Conversations by Elizabeth Bowen

(Knopf; $7.95)

Pictures and Conversations is a posthumous collection of bits and pieces of Elizabeth Bowen's writing, selected and edited with a sensitive and restrained personal recollection of Bowen by her friend and literary executor, Spencer Curtis Brown. Three of the five selections are complete and have been presented to the public before: a critical essay on one of Proust's characters, the writer Bergotte; a nativity play written for performance in Limerick Cathedral; and the instructive "Notes on Writing a Novel." The other two parts were left unfinished by Bowen at the time of her death of cancer on February 22, 1973: the brief first chapter of a novel, to have been called *The Move-In*, that immediately creates an incongruous, socially awkward, comic encounter between young and old that is at the same time mysterious and threatening to both; and the title piece, the beginning of an autobiographical work.

Although the collection demonstrates the unique variety of Elizabeth Bowen's gifts as a writer, none of its parts, nor the book as a whole can adequately represent her significant achievements of autobiographical writing (*A Time in Rome*, 1960); literary criticism (*Collected Impressions*, 1950; *Afterthoughts*, 1962); short stories (*The Demon Lover*, 1945) and novels (*The House in Paris*, 1935; *The Death of the Heart*, 1938; *The Heat of the Day*, 1949; *The Little Girls*, 1964). Because *Pictures and Conversations* is not a concentrated, complete and triumphant act of creation by Elizabeth Bowen, its effect is a renewal of the feeling of bereavement: we hear her voice again, only to have it broken off, to hear it no more. We are reminded of what we have lost in her death, rather than consoled for that loss.

Like many of her favorite characters, Bowen was a *revenant*, and at the end of her life she returned physically and imaginatively to her beginnings. She went back to Hythe, Kent, where she had gone to live as a child, and she began to write about her initial experience of England. She completed about one half of the projected autobiographical work; this fragment is the most illuminating part of the collection, not only for what it tells us of Bowen's early life, but also for its distinctive manner of telling. Bowen once described this work to me as an "evasive autobiography," and her title *Pictures and Conversations* — taken from the first page of *Alice in Wonderland* — suggests what is evasive about it.

In writing about her life Bowen never directly tells what she felt; instead she always prefers to tell what she perceived and concerns herself with what she remembers rather than with herself remembering. Here she chooses to present her memories of images seen and sounds heard in her childhood at the time of her arrival in England, rather than to emphasize the traumatic events associated with this move from Ireland. As Bowen admits in this new piece, her life was "a career of withstood emotion. . . . Sensation, I have never fought shy of or done anything to restrain." In spite of the professed evasion, the crystalline beauty of the recollected moments of sensation shows the emotional values of Elizabeth Bowen's sensibility: "I registered what I loved with such pangs of love. . . ." Thus we see her indirectly, sideways, and this seems the best possible way, for we seem to catch her unawares, in the characteristic act of perceiving something other than herself.

Pictures and Conversations was meant to fill in the gaps between and within Bowen's earlier perceptions of her Anglo-Irish life: *Seven Winters* (1943), describing her "exterior memories" of 15 Herbert Place, Dublin, where she was born and lived until she was suddenly removed to England at the time her father suffered a severe breakdown in 1906; and *Bowen's Court* (1942, 1964), telling the history of her family home in County Cork, where she spent at least part of every summer of her life, until she was forced by financial exigency to sell the house in 1960 and then to endure its destruction by the new owner. In these books presenting her sensations of places, houses and things Bowen defined her experience as an Anglo-Irish England at the time of her abrupt ar baffling dislocation at the age of seve

In England Elizabeth Bowen tl confused child felt herself a strange and she saw the coastal towns of Ker where she traveled with her mother, as dazzling wonderland filled with a "pha tasmagoric variety" of Edwardian villa Suffering the pain of Henry Bower alienating illness, she and her moth broke into some of these empty fanta buildings and dreamed happy futur for themselves. Elizabeth became excl sively dependent on her mother ar their shared love and excited imagin tive existence for her sense of continui and security. Ironically, after movir into one of these villas to live, she w left desolate at 13 by her mother's illne and death of cancer in 1912. No suffering the terrible human loss everything she thought she had, Eliz beth was in and out of the homes relatives and schools and continual shuttling back and forth between Ir land and England.

There is no wonder that she felt h life to be a career of withstood emotio the wonder is how she survived ar transcended these experiences, tran forming them into the art of her nove Combined with the mature, styli concision of her fiction, there is, as sl once remarked of Dickens, somethi superbly childish — meaning unspoilt about her imagination. She gives lonely child's value to the enjoyment sheer physical sensation, at the sar time keeping a child's apprehensivene of the weird, the unknown, the unsu stantially threatening.

In this account of her "origin Bowen offers her own explanation her survival; facing the painful losses her life with what she proudly calls Iri "belligerence," she just refused to intimidated or done in. She strove keep going however she could, and these brilliantly evoked memories sho she was sustained all her life by her ne and capacity for romance, for what s also calls Irish "bravado" — that se consciously showy, heroic fiction of t kind that impels her heroines, especia Eva Trout (1969). "Art is for us insepa able from artifice."

Finally for Elizabeth Bowen t mysterious power of illusion, of mem ry, of faith, of hallucination, of magic, art allowed life to go on, to be built over the vault of horror. She had t vision to see that when these apparen safe "artifices" are broken, as she kne they always are — whether by cultu

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islocation, betrayal by those we trust, uffering and death of those we love, estruction of places that make the orld for us — they must be re-created y will and imagination. For Elizabeth owen, as for Henry James, another yphenated alien, "It is by art that we ve, if we do."

So this last book, even in its disparate-ess, reveals a unified, courageous, nperiously perceptive writer, who can y in summing up the lack of security in r experience: "I have thriven, accord-g, on the changes and chances, the slocations and . . the contrasts which ave made up so much of my life."

Edwin J. Kenney, Jr.

dwin J. Kenney, Jr. teaches at Colby ollege, Maine, and is the author of *lizabeth Bowen* (Bucknell University ress).

Ned Rorem on music

Britten's Venice

or two centuries after the death of enry Purcell in 1695, England, rich in ords and pictures, produced no music consequence. With Benjamin Brit-n's birth in 1913 the land awoke like eeping Beauty and picked up where ie had left off. As though reincarnated, urcell himself was Britten's main fluence and love.

Britten in turn is the main influence, if ot love, of English musicians today. ke a huge magnetic tuning fork his nservatism sets their tone: some sist, but by that resistance acknow-dge the tone that they cannot shut out ng enough to move toward other fields attraction. In a sense, Britten bettered s immediate predecessors (Vaughan 'illiams, Berkeley, Tippet, Holst, Wal-n, Bax, forever awash in the so-called odes of Hellenism and of Renaissance lbion) — and they knew it.

He is the utter eclectic. Not conventional so much as traditional, he does not fall back on the set grammar but pulls it up into his special syntax. It would be difficult to find in Britten's catalog any measure not somehow attributable to another composer, yet each measure is somehow stamped with his technical trademarks just as each overall work is redolent of his human fixations.

His trademarks are metaphors. Like all artists Britten does the undoable. In giving non-vocal music a recognizable meaning beyond its "abstract" meaning he becomes, more literally than Debussy ever dreamt of being, an impressionist, a metaphorist rather than a similist. This he manages through orchestrational *tours de force* and through obsessional rhythmic patterns. (In his new opera, for example, his brushed drums *are* what you hear — not *like* what you hear — from vaporette motors; his dipping viola patterns *are* what you hear from dripping gondola paddles.) His vocal music too is metaphoric. He treats speech values eccentrically, investing them with the personal pulse of tension and release, convincingly filling the empty areas of pure music with the impurities of literature.

His human fixations are chiefly aquaphilic and pedeophilic. Not only is water more than mere décor in operas like *Peter Grimes, Billy Budd* and *Albert Herring,* but a case could be made for the warm melancholy of water submerging his nontheater vocal works as well, like the songs in *Nocturne, Lachrymae,* and *On This Island.* Young boys are the *raison d'être* of operas like *Peter Grimes, Billy Budd* and *The Turn of the Screw;* they cast a central glow from some chamber and choral works (*Canticle Two, Saint Nicholas,* the *Michelangelo Sonnets*) and, by Freudian extension, from some strictly instrumental pieces too, like the *Young Person's Guide To The Orchestra.* Britten has never set a drama on urban ground, nor on a theme of romantic love between man and woman.

For an eclectic rather than an innovator to dominate a country's art is fruitless: his followers in aping mere manner lack the verve of outright thieves. England's youngish explorers, such as Birtwhistle and Davies, seem not to possess the force of true discovery and so have remained in the shade of the old.

Suddenly the shade starts to shimmer with new slants. Music's recent global style of willful opaqueness is clearing away. A modernistic brand of ugliness that everyone hated without admitting it is no longer being manufactured with the hope of being unpopular. The pendulum swings back to the right. Since Britain, thanks to Britten, always *was* right, British conservatism ironically is becoming the current avant-garde, and is represented by the "representational" scores of Bennett and Maw who are in no way revolutionary or even resistant. They sprang full blown and affectionate from the head of their foster parent, the Sleeping Beauty. That parent meanwhile continues producing children of his own.

Benjamin Britten's musical language, cold for some, for me has always seemed warm and contagious, open to every dialect of mind and soul. But I was miffed, at first, by Britten's latest work, *Death in Venice.*

In preparation for the dress rehearsal I dutifully pondered the vocal score and couldn't make much of it. It did stress the trademarks and fixations — sea, youth, "forbidden" love — more candidly than ever, the metaphors turning psychoanalytically, if not musically, verbose as though the composer were forcing his dead collaborator's germanisms onto his own native restraint. But the aftermath, at least on paper, looked sterile, padded, colorless, simplistic and yes, lazy, with endless recitatives on neume-like signs speckling an overextended text. However since this was a reduced blueprint (even Britten's full scores don't readily yield their secrets in print) by a musical dramatist who was nothing if not experienced, probably there was method in his drabness.

Sure enough, at the rehearsal the hall brimmed with noises of skill and beauty. What for the eye was a skeleton became for the ear — when fleshed out by an orchestra — a wealth of *trouvailles* that unexpectedly shined up the dusty narrative.

Since then I've returned often to both live performance and to the score, and realized I'd originally missed some basic points (a reader's speed is never precise). Each verbal phrase, regenerated through live performance, exemplifies and redefines Britten's claim as the world's supreme melodist. If that claim was not immediately obvious in *Death in Venice* it was because the tunes were honed to microcosms. Those recitatives weren't recitatives at all, but total melodies refined to lowest terms. The elaborate book, filled with logical contradictions, could thus be imparted without sounding silly. If this music never "opens up" in the usual sense, it does so in reverse, like explosions in

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some galaxy seen through a magnifying glass.

Melodists are those who build rather than let flow, who write tunes rather than figures, arched lines more singable than playable. Chopin, who never composed for singers, was a melodist; Beethoven was not. Mahler, primarily an orchestral composer, was a melodist; Debussy, so happy with voices, was not.

Benjamin Britten is the only living composer equally skilled at melody and fragment, whether writing opera, small songs, or "pure" instrumental works of every shape. He merges these assets in combination.

Like Mozart, Britten has a knack for making mere scales more than mere. Consider the questioning dream before the fantasmagoria in Act II, wherein four E-major modes set forth diatonically from low pitches, separate and float at different speeds to four unstable branches, alight, turn to solid silver and glitter fixedly, a frozen harmony derived from liquid counterpoints, a static plate upon which a roaming soliloquy is now etched. Again the modes ascend, and still again, each time climbing higher on the same common tones, each time arresting to form frames for the nervous words.

This simultaneity — this doing of more than one version of the same thing at the same time (literally the same thing, not variations, like a canon at the unison unfocused from too closely staggered entrances) — is Britten's metaphor at its most eloquent. Listen again to the scene in San Marco where the identical litany is chanted at two tempos evoking not only the cathedral's echoing walls but a different (though simultaneous) viewpoint, or soundpoint, in the minds of Aschenbach and Tadzio. With traditionalists newness plays no part; novelty lies in perception more than in what is perceived. In *Death in Venice* Thomas Mann (also a traditionalist, carrying on rather than breaking through, so that, like Britten, he seemed to predate certain of his elders) did not tell what had never been seen, but what had always been seen and not noticed. In his opera, Britten, by telling what we've always heard without listening, rejuvenated our ears. Such perception is a thrilling and dangerous gift, a gift that both the novelist and the composer "lend" to their respective visions of Aschenbach, and which kills him.

The transfer of Thomas Mann's self-contained and well known story into another medium could have been, at the very least, superfluous . Britten almost turns the trick because he has *framed* the text. Retaining intact the famous words, he has focused private colors on them from all around, and transported the finished tableaux for us to see and hear upon a stage. What we experience is a kind of masterpiece, although I'm not sure why, beyond the fact that it was composed with a marvelous ear for taste and tension. Nonetheless two extraneous elements help to explain the specialness.

First is the well-timed collaboration of a dead and a living artist. Thomas Mann, whose 100th birthday will soon be celebrated, was the first novelist to write with sensible intelligence (as opposed to emotional intelligence — for there was Proust, after all) about the musical creative process; none of his contemporaries ever set his fictions to music. Perhaps that was just as well. Although ostensibly about the pull between a creator's sacred duties and profane desires — or, as Mann put it, between Apollo and Dionysus — the subject is the waning of productivity as symbolized by the "mystery" of pederasty. Britten is the only composer ever to depict that matter centrally in opera. The matter needs his British understatement, not because homosexuality is the bizarre vice it seemed in 1912, but because today it is so very normal. We go along with myths like *Tristan* or *Turandot*, but stigmas of the not-too-distant past remain ticklishly close to our nominal magnanimity. Who any longer, when so openly all is said and sung, could possibly utter, and get away with it, the words of an old man suffering from a love that dare not speak its name?

Which brings up the second extraneous element: Peter Pears, the English tenor and Britten's lifelong friend, in the role of Aschenbach. Pears, who has realized most of the composer's vocal works in Europe, is now, at 65, making his Metropolitan Opera debut. For 140 minutes he does not leave our view or our attention span. What some call his lack of opulence paradoxically lends his nonvoice a dimension of expressivity unknown to more standard tenors. Hi sentences are intoned with enviabl clarity as though invented on the spo For Pears is a thread of the score's ver fabric: he appears to belong to th composer's living concept, and to th dead author's too, so serious and touch ing is his portrayal. To imagine anothe in the role is to imagine a harpsichor piece played on an organ.

Myfanwy Piper's adaptation is faithfu to a fault. She includes in the librett nothing not in the novella, down to th last subnotion and symbolic echo. Wit transposition from art to art certai weights, while keeping balance, switc emphasis. A strawberry vendor, omin ously recurrent in the story, becomes o stage an airy *refraineuse* risking compar ison to another in *Porgy and Bess*.

Riskier still is Tadzio's realization. T make flesh of the ineffable is always miscalculation. The success of parable like *Parsifal* or *Suddenly Last Summer*, c of characterizations like Kafka's pett bourgeois K or Auden's great-poe Mittenhoffer, lies in the invisible idea Tadzio inhabits our fantasy no less tha Aschenbach's. To find him now i person, a *dancer*, is to find a perfectionis intent on selling his craft. Observed as ballet *sans* text (which the opera is fc anyone ignorant of English), *Death i Venice* becomes the saga of a flirty bo who lusts for an old man but whos mother interferes so he drowns himsel

If the Silent Ideal must be depicte within a medium whose very purpose noise, then mime, while a bit illegal, probably the only solution; indee Britten has effectively based at least or previous opera around a mute but visib child. But actually to choreograph va portions of the piece, as Frederic Ashton was hired to do, in the se number style of Rameau is deadenir for a modern mood-piece; and when th Silent Ideal is rendered as a champic athlete the careful craft of Thom Mann — without a word changed — utterly violated. Mann's Tadzio is r winner but the passive recipient everyone's love earned not throug excellence but innocence and beauty.

This large mistake could be quick repaired, since the fun-and-games mus is the longest and weakest of the piec Cut without pity, the opera could l shortened by a third and thus perform in one inexorable act. This act removed from the Metropolitan into th more "telling" area of, say, Juilliarc theater — could become the intima dilemma which deep down it is.

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Kay Boyle, et. al.

oris Grumbach

ooner or later it would have happened iat a strong voice from the '30s-'40s eneration would speak out in fiction out what it is like to be a parent of ietnam-war-age children. No one's oice is better suited to such witness ian Kay Boyle's. **The Underground oman** (Doubleday; $7.95) comes at the id of a long line of novels (13), short ories, novelettes, four books of poetry, iree children's books, and a memorable say about her experiences during "the ast" at San Francisco State. Her edication to *belles-lettres* has not made ay Boyle an intellectual or esthetic itist. This new book shows what an traordinary development hers has een. She is, one supposes, much like her eroine, a professor of English in her iddle age, an active participant of the ietnam antiwar movement. She writes owerfully, vividly and with much of er usual irony, of her experiences in emonstrations, of her arrest and brief ay in jail, of her entry into the lives of er fellow-prisoners. The novel ends as ie is about to go to jail again.

If this were all, the book might be teresting but not unusually compell- g. What gives it an added edge of ignancy is the story of the heroine's ughter, who leaves home to join a mmune based upon mindless devotion a cultic figure, Pete the Redeemer. All e pain of what I suspect might be an ent in her own life (Kay Boyle has six ildren) is contained in this portrait. A oman with a profound personal com- itment to human freedom, Kay Boyle ows us the loss of a daughter to a rannical movement as one of the agedies of parenthood.

It might be thought that this issue- ntered book would be diminished as tion. Indeed a recent critic has blamed e book for this, saying that as a result her concern for current events Kay oyle's characters lose their believabili- . My own feeling is that, while this ovel is perhaps a lesser Boyle, it is still a luable fictional document, intensely ojected and felt keenly by the reader, our times, of the pain and trauma of il disobedience, seen through the eyes a woman who loves her own family d the rest of the human family with ual passion. In prison one night she listens as one woman sings and older prisoners hum along:

> *For they were learning that night that they were not, and had never been, a hundred women lying on their cots in the dark, isolated, and thus lost, in their own identities, women who were neither black nor white nor Chicanoes, but all with interchangeable skins. The attack upon one girl in the darkness of her cell was an attack on their flesh.*

Never lost or isolated in her own identity, Kay Boyle writes of the human condition, in jail, in political action, in the grip of irrational religious fervor. Recently she said: "Nothing can ever make me believe we are helpless as individuals." Her new fiction, and her activity on behalf of amnesty, and for the freedom of political prisoners everywhere in the world are evidence of that conviction. Clearly she has suffered. An earlier novel is called *Nothing Ever Breaks Except the Heart;* for her, heartbreak is the side product of her fight for liberation of people everywhere.

In 1973 **American Heritage** bought a "find," the work of more than 70 artists commissioned by the editors of *Century* magazine to accompany its accounts of the *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* (1888). The series ran for three years in the magazine. Original plates of the engravings were then stored in various places; only now, in a traveling show of prints, and in a handsome volume published by McGraw-Hill, are they available to us.

I saw the exhibition of 100 samples (there are 380 in the book) at the Corcoran Gallery recently. The show will go on tour shortly to Memphis (Feb. 15-Mar. 15); Lexington, Mass. (April 1-June 10); Columbus, Ohio (July 1-31); Davenport, Iowa (Aug. 15-Sept. 15); Wichita, Kan. (Oct. 1-31); and Mobile, Ala. (Nov. 15-Dec. 15). If you are not near any of these places you ought to look into the **American Heritage Century Collection of Civil War Art** ($35), with a foreword by Bruce Catton and excellent captions. While the black-and-sepia reproductions show none of the blood and gore of the war, they do provide all the detailed views one would need to reconstruct in one's mind that terrible, disastrous and heroic war.

In its first issues I admired the idea behind and the execution of the **Journal,** published fortnightly by the Forum for Contemporary History, in Santa Barbara, California. Now in its third year, the *Journal* has become **Skeptic.** The new title is fitting. It promises to continue to be what it was, a well designed, but now monthly journal of "vigorous advocacy" that takes its cue from letters written to the forum, and responses to those letters from readers and from a board of contributing editors.

The issue of January 1974, now a year old, is the one I have on hand and I've saved it and reread it because of the letter from Stephen Spender. Enclosed in an envelope and bound into the issue, it forms the sticking point from which follows all the remarks on this young generation's loss of determination to save the world. Spender feels that this generation differs from the Orwell-Simone Weil generation, *his* generation of the Spanish Civil War, in its lugubrious conviction that nothing can be done by the individual to "do something" about the world. Today's young are "drop-outs from a world about which they have no illusions or hopes," as compared to the '30s, "the last generation in which people thought that they as individuals, acting together with other individuals, might save the world."

As I write this it occurs to me that I am a year behind in acknowledging the interest this monthly has for me. I can only hope it has survived the year of publishing ills, and that it is flourishing in the same literate and skeptical spirit in which it was conceived.

Latest in MIT Press' long series of volumes by individual photographic artists is **Notations in Passing** by Nathan Lyons (paper, $3.95). Lyons can make the witness to his camera work aware of a reality they may have glimpsed before but never registered. There are no annotations to these 96 photographs, no captions; none is needed. Lyons is interested in recording what is seen: through glass, in windshields, in windows, under, over and through the curious and simple lens of a talented seer. He is a master of the natural, superimposed image: overstuffed chairs in the garden, torn posters left pasted to dead brick walls, torsos in shop windows. He records the remainders of life, putting them down almost unformed in black and white where they really belong, and leaving them for our one last look. Then he moves on the the next "commonplace juxtaposition" — notations, in passing, of life's irrelevancies and discards. Every one of the volumes in the series that I

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have seen has been interesting; this one is especially so.

The first issue of the **Ontario Review,** a North American Journal of the Arts, published in Windsor, Ontario (one year, two issues, $5) has crossed the Canadian border and arrived here. Its dedication page contains nothing but the words of William Blake: "Eternity is in love with the productions of time." Edited by Raymond J. Smith, it lists among its contributing editors the ubiquitous Mrs. Raymond Smith/Joyce Carol Oates. The issue shows promise of being a valuable addition to our knowledge of Canadian writing, although only six of the 20 or so contributors to number one are actually Canadian or living in Canada. The editors have wisely omitted any gassy sort of declaration of first, founding principles that indicates good taste at the very start. Let the words of Blake prevail, they seem to be saying.

sure, but almost all of them split off from the reasoning that produced the iconoclastic views; so they become just smart cracks. The best things in the show are the "bravos"—such as Mencken's tributes to beer, Mark Twain, and newspaper work.

Mencken was a great deal more than a cynically clever newspaper columnist. He had touches of genius in three fields, only one of which is even mentioned. He was a daring and perceptive literary critic (one reference here to the fact that he reviewed books) who fought for th new writers of Europe and America i the early century. He was a seriou philologist, as *The American Langua* and its two supplements attest. An possibly above all, he was an editor genius, as his work on *The Smart Set* ar *The American Mercury* (with Geor Jean Nathan) makes clear. Shy couldn't give us a complete biograph but to leave out these three matters something more than a regrettab omission.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

this vein. His work and my experience of it keep reminding me of Donald Barthelme's fiction and collages—intelligent, tart, unconventional, and rather quickly finite. Foreman has had some new ideas; now, like all fragmenters and surrealists, he soon shows the need of new ones.

Blasts and Bravos (Cherry Lane). Paul Shyre has a liking for literary adaptation (a very good staged reading of Dos Passos' *USA* in 1959) and for one-man shows (he adapted and directed James Whitmore in a solo show about Will Rogers last year). Now Shyre presents himself in a one-man show that is subtitled "An Evening with H.L. Mencken." It isn't. Shyre is a moderately competent performer, but to say that his solo work is vastly inferior to Henry Fonda's as Clarence Darrow or Roy Dotrice's as John Aubrey is to overwhelm him with comparisons that he himself has invited. More important, the Mencken that he presents—with some pleasant dryness—is quite a small fraction of the man.

What we get is a sequence of witty or purportedly witty remarks about religion, politics, women, drinking, puritanism—all of them accurate, I'm

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Commonweal in '75

This New Year the larger, biweekly *Commonweal* will supply especially rewarding reading. Articles by such authors as Cornelia Jessey, Peter Freiberg, Eugene J. McCarthy, Frank Getlein, Rosemary Haughton and Philip Kaufman are scheduled for the coming weeks. Alongside will be the columns of Abigail McCarthy, Michael Novak and Sisyphus and the magazine's highly regarded editorial comment on current political, religious and cultural developments.

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The Arts

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